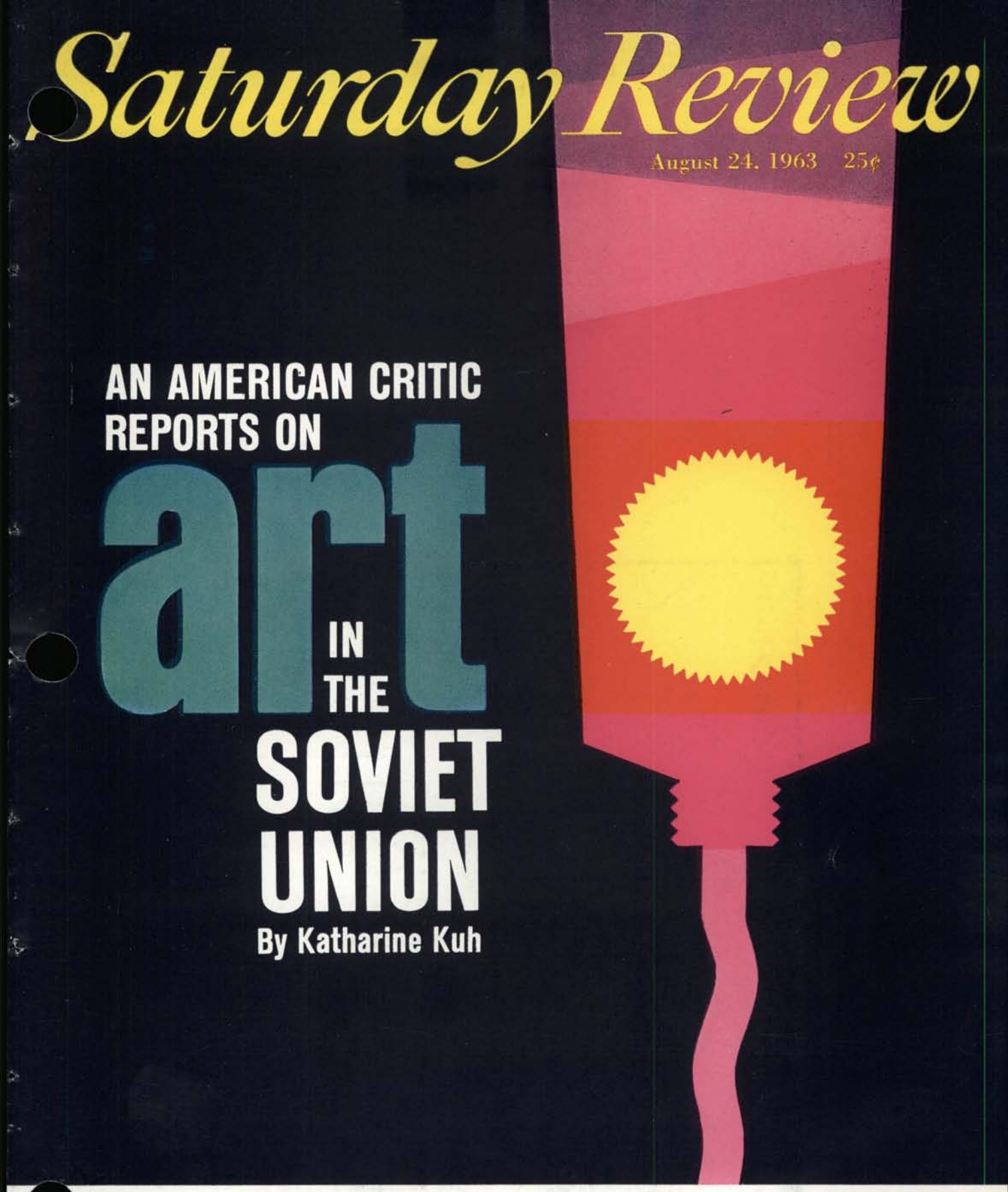
Saturday Review
August 24, 1963 25¢



AN AMERICAN CRITIC REPORTS ON

art IN THE SOVIET UNION

By Katharine Kuh

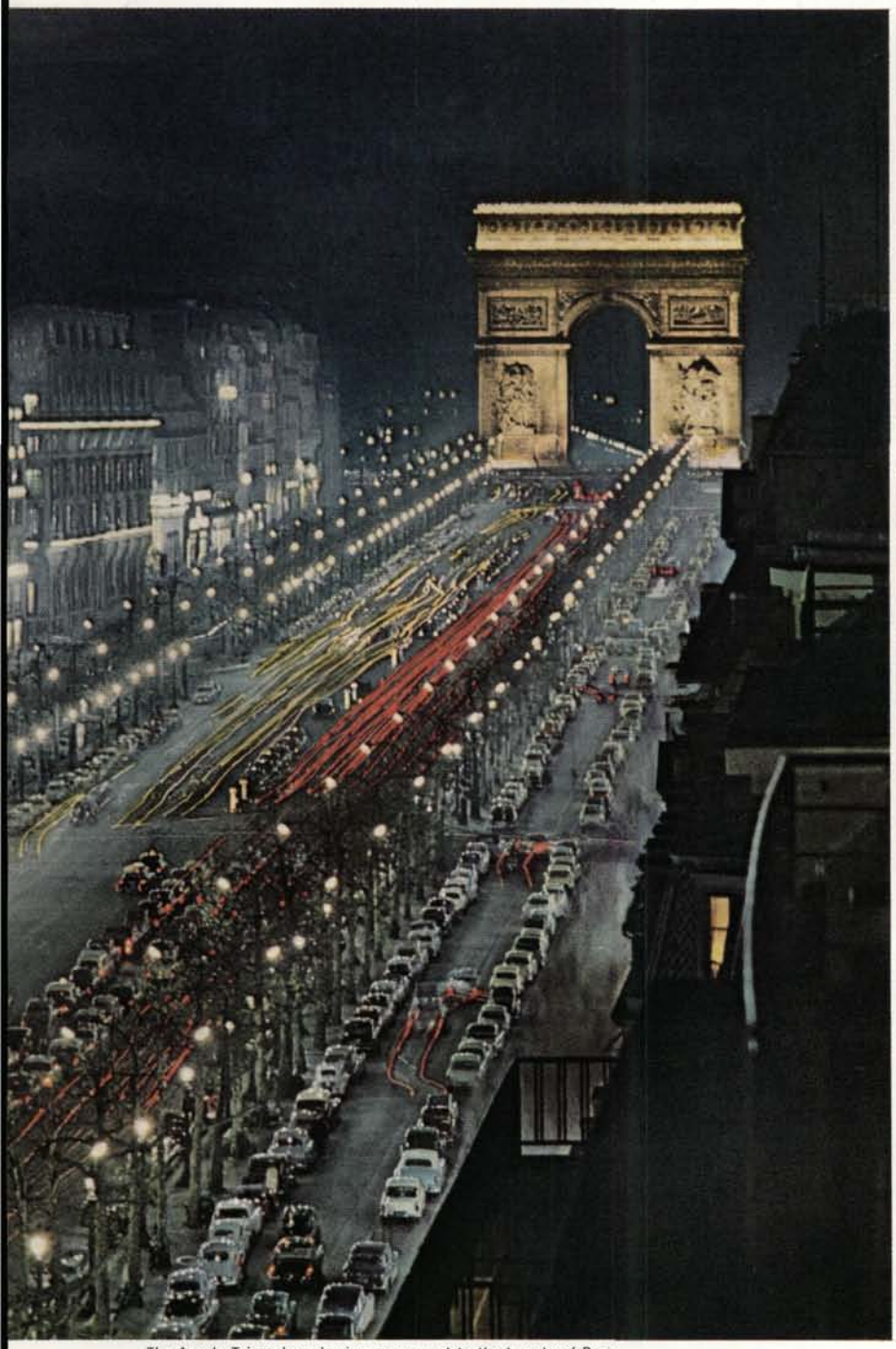
WHY I WENT TO JAIL

By Arthur I. Waskow

SR6021 4-5 358-454
AMBASSOR COLLEGE LIBRY
363 GROVE ST
PASADENA CALIF

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Trooping the colour," near Buckingham Palace. You'll never forget the stirring pageantry of this storied ceremony.



The Arc de Triomphe: glowing monument to the beauty of Paris.

Fly to your adventure abroad on swift StarStream jets.

Prado Museum, Madrid

Egypt's ageless treasures: the Pyramids and the Sphinx

The great adventure: Europe, you, and TWA!

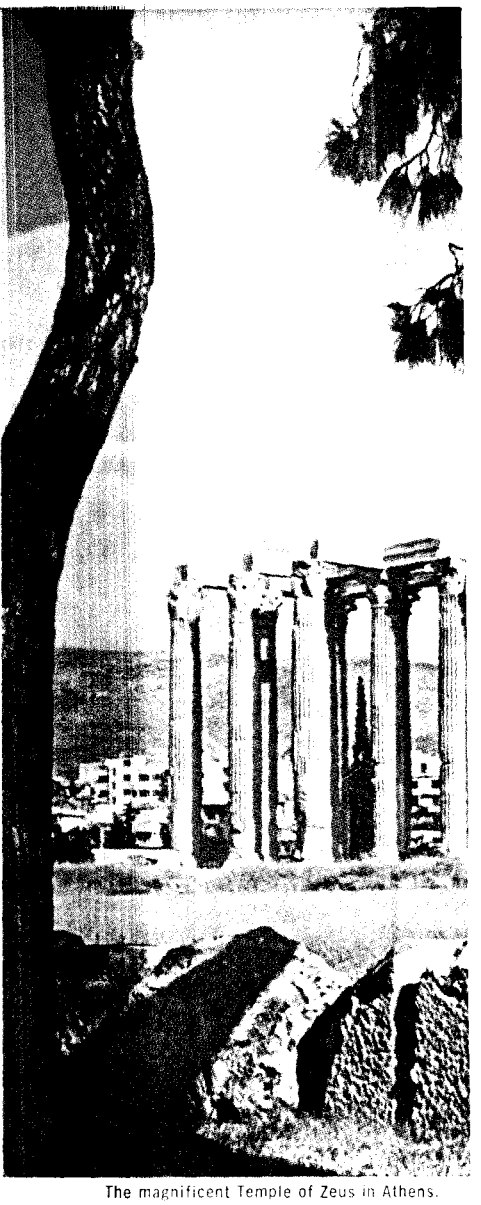
All the right tours to the right places, at the right prices.

These are *leisurely* tours. You have plenty of time to follow your fancy. They're *inexpensive* tours. You'll come back with money to spare, thanks to TWA's new 21-day round trip Economy fares. They're *interesting* tours. Of course you can visit Paris, London, Rome and the other storied cities. But you can also: stroll on a Canary Island beach, photograph the Sphinx, ski on a virgin Alpine slope, cheer a matador, get a suntan on the Riviera, do a hundred things the ordinary tourist doesn't do . . . whether you plan to go now or next year.

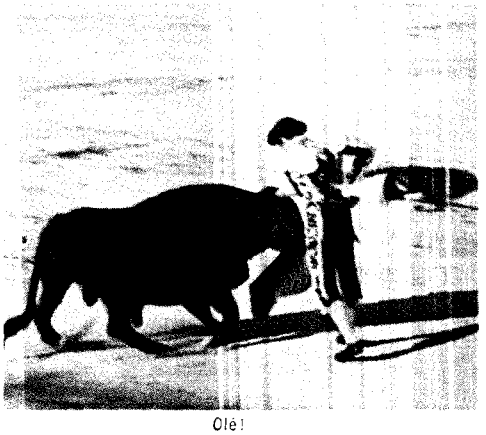
TWA begins these uncommonly delightful holidays with StarStream jets and service (like movies in flight) that set the perfect mood for Europe. Why not let it happen to you? *Mail reply card for free TWA tour folders.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Imagine strolling amid the inspiring majesty of St. Peter's in Rome.



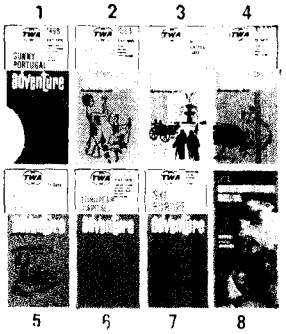
The magnificent Temple of Zeus in Athens.



Olé!

Everyone talks about Europe's fabulous shopping discoveries

Enjoy the world's finest ski resorts.



MAIL REPLY CARD FOR FREE TOUR FOLDERS

1. Sunny Portugal Adventure: $498, 16 days. Lisbon, Coimbra, Porto, resorts at Cascais and Armacao de Pera. An optional Madrid extension, $105.80. **2. Holiday in the Sun Adventure:** all-expense, 16 and 21 days in Spain, Portugal, Tangiers, Morocco, Canary Islands. From just $563. **3. Grand European Adventure:** $649. 21-day all-expense trips to England, France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy. **4. Southern European Adventure:** sunny Italy, southern France, Spain, Switzerland. From $645 for all expenses. **5. Mediterranean Air/Sea Adventure:** 21-day cruises to Greece, Rhodes, Crete, Cyprus, Turkey, Israel, Egypt, Lebanon, more. From $898. **6. European Capitals Adventure:** 17- and 21-day jaunts to Paris, London, Rome, Madrid and more. From $673. **7. Ski Europe Adventure:** 17 and 21 days in Austria, France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. **8. Extra! "Adventures Europe":** a 16-page, full-color guide to hotels, sightseeing, shopping, local customs, tips, taxes, currency—everything you need to know about traveling abroad.

Fares quoted from New York, effective Oct. 1.

Nationwide
Worldwide
depend on

TWA

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bewildered face of a hurt citizen, Virginia Anderson shows the effects of persecution for a **murder** *he did not commit.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It matters...

When a man needs help

When the rights of an American citizen are rudely violated, the editors of the Post believe it matters. Airman Gerald Anderson had been held for 11 months by Air Force investigators determined to convict him of a murder he did not commit. The Post published the truth of the Anderson case in a crusading article. Anderson was released the next day. The Post also crusaded for another man maligned by the military: Vice Admiral H. G. Rickover, whom the Navy has at long last allowed to remain on active duty. Often the Post crusades against people—people and institutions the editors believe are playing our system wrong. The Post has exposed: low standards of air safety; the blatant crime in bomb-ridden Youngstown, Ohio; the latest machinations of union boss Jimmy Hoffa; the corruption of a newspaperman who used his column for personal gain; operators who are fraudulently selling land; quack marriage counselors; the low standards of morality which have pervaded college sports and professional boxing; and ineptitude of Congress. Post crusades often infuriate people—and many, like the story of Airman Anderson, evoke quick action. Post editors believe in fearless journalism which exposes the weaknesses and moral flaws in our society. Because it matters.

POST

300 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, San Francisco.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

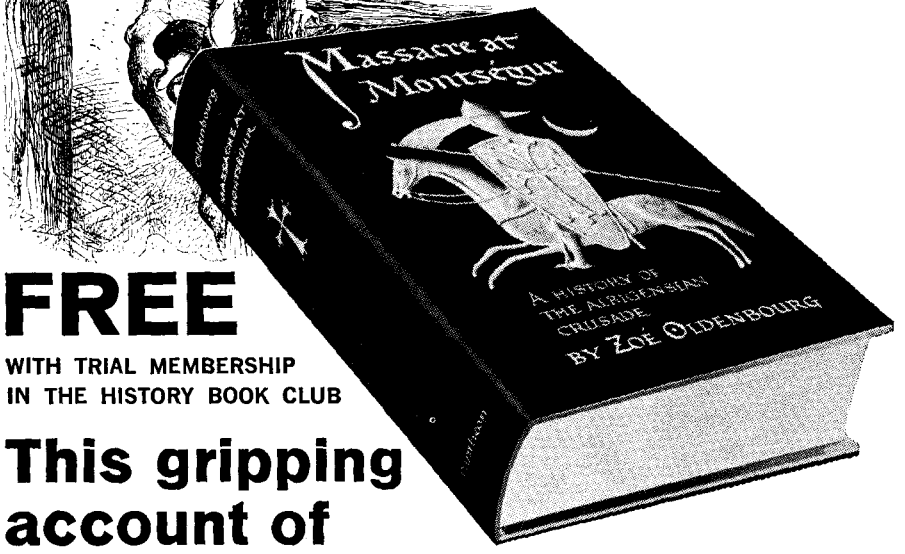
Slaughter of the Cathars in the Albigensian Crusade
(The Bettmann Archive)

"Kill them all; God will look after His own . . ."

One of the bloodiest chapters in European history was the Albigensian Crusade. It was launched in 1208 by Pope Innocent III to reclaim for the Church the "hotbed of Catharist heresy" that had established itself in Languedoc, in southern France.

The Crusaders' first great victory was at Béziers. Nearly 20,000 men, women and children—the entire population—were slaughtered, believers and heretics alike. "Kill them all," the papal legate is said to have ordered, "God will look after His own."

For nearly 5 decades the Crusade went on—pillaging, raping, burning, consigning countless thousands to death by sword and fire. With final victory, the authority of Rome was again secure. The Catharist heresy was wiped out, the civilization of Languedoc destroyed, the tyranny of the Inquisition enthroned.



FREE

WITH TRIAL MEMBERSHIP IN THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB

This gripping account of slaughter in the name of faith

MASSACRE AT MONTSEGUR is the grim and fascinating story of the 13th-century Albigensian Crusade—with a horrifying climax in the mass burning of heretics who surrendered after the siege of the fortress of Montségur. In turning her formidable literary skill to actual—not fictionalized—events, novelist Zoe Oldenbourg has created a work that represents history at its most rousing, suspenseful best.

Now you may have MASSACRE AT MONTSEGUR (Publisher's List Price $6.95) *free* with Trial Membership in The History Book Club—as a frank demonstration of the high caliber of books offered month after month to our members at prices substantially below Publisher's List. To start membership now on the easy terms outlined in the coupon, take any of the fine books below as your first selection. (NOTE: first price shown is Publisher's List; price in boldface is money-saving Member's Price).

434. THE DOUGHBOYS, *by Laurence Stallings.* Exciting history of the Yanks in World War One. $7.95/**$6.50**

110. JOURNALS OF LEWIS & CLARK, *ed. by Bernard DeVoto.* First expedition to pierce the virgin Northwest. $6.50/**$4.95**

101. HISTORY OF THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF, *by Walter Goerlitz.* World's most feared war machine, 1657-1945. $7.50/**$5.95**

425. THE TWO-OCEAN WAR *by Samuel Eliot Morison.* U.S. Navy in World War Two. $15.00/**$9.95**

392. HISTORY OF RUSSIA *by Jesse D. Clarkson.* Ten centuries of turbulent history. $10.00/**$7.95**

265. MEMOIRS OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR, *by Winston S. Churchill.* 1086-page edition of his epic narrative. $9.00/**$6.95**

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB
Stamford, Conn. SR 2446

Please open my Trial Membership and send, FREE, *Massacre at Montsegur,* along with the selection shown below. Bill me at the money-saving Member's Price (plus shipping) for the selection. If not delighted, I may return both within 10 days, and my membership will be cancelled. Otherwise, to complete Trial Membership, I need take as few as 4 more selections during the coming year, and these at money-saving Member's Prices, substantially lower than Publisher's List. (Selections are described in your monthly *Review* and I may reject any book by returning handy form always provided.) I will receive a valuable Bonus Book of my choice with every 4th selection I take after completing Trial Membership.

FIRST SELECTION (fill in number)_____

NAME (please print)_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ **ZONE**_____ **STATE**_____

In Canada, same savings. Books shipped duty-free. Bonus plan differs slightly. Mail to 2847 Danforth Ave., Toronto 13, Ont.

Saturday Review

August 24, 1963

Cover designed by Pageant Studio

SR: Ideas

17 An American Critic Reports on Art in the Soviet Union, by Katharine Kuh

27 Remember Me to What's His Name, by Will Stanton

28 When Things Are Looking Up, by Margaret Bennett

30 The New Freedom: An Editorial

32 Why I Went to Jail, by Arthur I. Waskow

SR: Books

37 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks

37 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

10 Phoenix Nest, by Martin Levin

12 Chess Corner, by Al Horowitz

14 Trade Winds: John G. Fuller reports from Martha's Vineyard

29 Manner of Speaking: John Ciardi describes the circles of sympathi

31 Letters to the Editor

34 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes views two plays in the Twin Cities

34 Literary I.Q.

35 SR Goes to the Movies: Hollis Alpert spots faults in *The Leopard*

36 TV and Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon discusses radio-religion

42 Literary Crypt

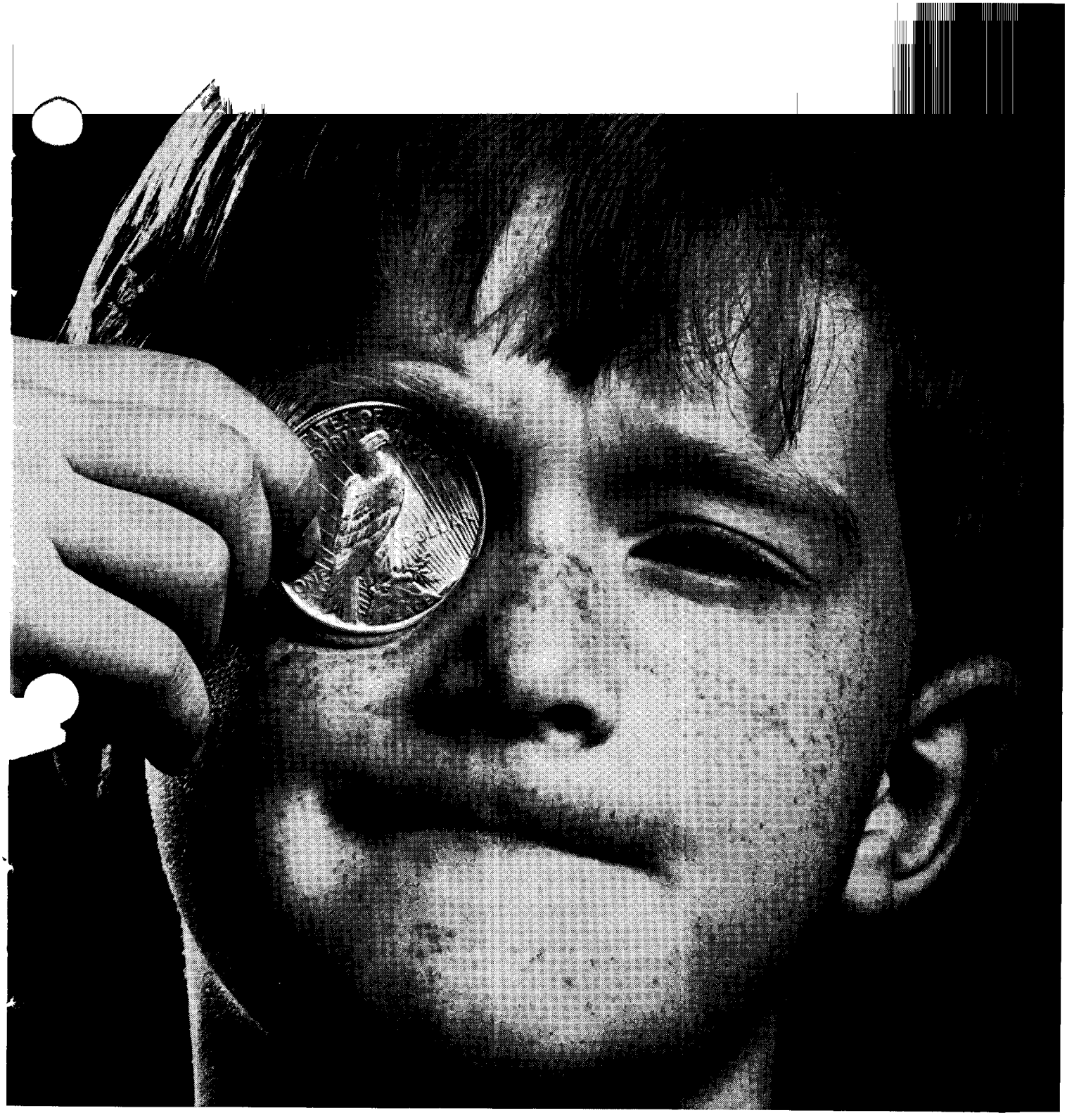
56 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1533

The Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Garson. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLVI, No. 34, August 24, 1963. Second-Class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature." © 1963 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.

BRANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Midwest Office: Raymond W. Welch, Jr., Mgr., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois; West Coast Offices: Fletcher S. Udall & Company, 1221 Hearst Building, San Francisco 3, California, and 422 South Western Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Multiply by 5½ billion, and what do you get?

You get a rough idea of how many of your tax dollars have already gone into electric power systems owned and run by the federal government. And that's quite an eyeful of silver dollars.

Some people want our federal government to get even deeper into the power business. They want it to spend billions more of your tax dollars for federally owned electric systems, even though they are not needed.

The fact is investor-owned electric power companies are already planning and building to supply all the additional electricity you—and all America—will need to keep the future bright. They are companies *you* built, because you have supported them as customers—perhaps as a shareholder, too. For these are local companies owned by millions of investors, by millions of people like you.

When you think of all this, do you see any reason for the federal government to spend your taxes on more federally owned power systems—a job it doesn't have to do?

Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies . . . *owned by more than 4,000,000 shareholders across the nation*

Sponsors' names on request through this magazine

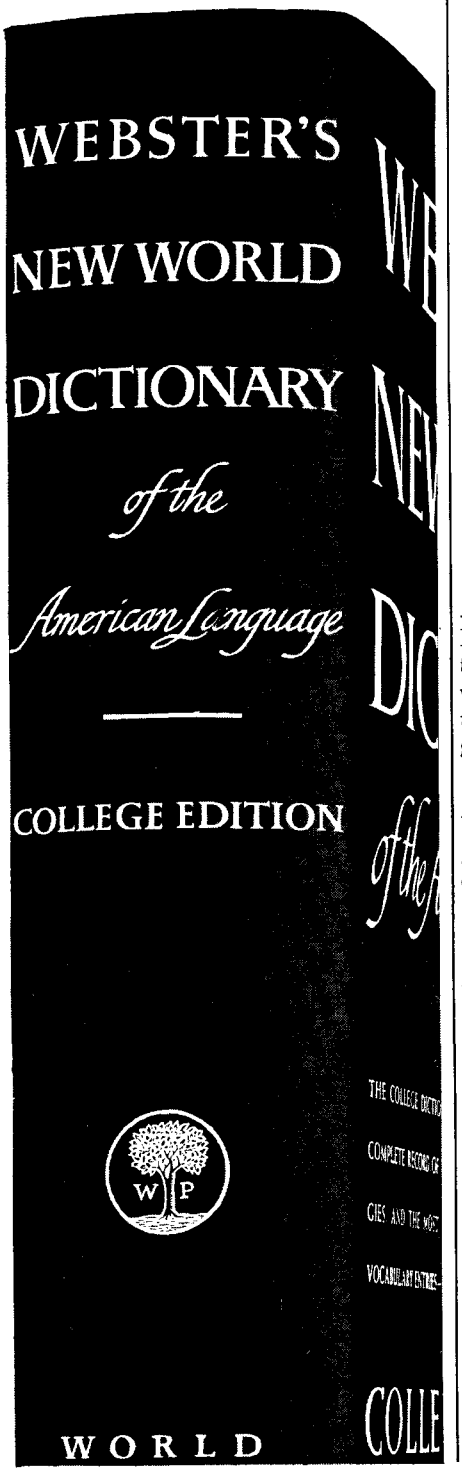
PRODUCED 2008 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Clearly the Best for college use

Approved and used in colleges and universities throughout the United States and Canada. Acclaimed by leading educators, writers, editors. It is the up-to-date dictionary with *clear* definitions, *clear* type, *clear* usage guides. 142,000 entries.

$5.75 (thumb-indexed, $6.75).

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY
Cleveland and New York



Circa 1960

Edited by Martin Levin

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

A hymn to that dear departed thing
That long ago went out, took wing.
I mean the roll-top desk, replete
With pigeonholes to keep things neat—
Or keep things, anyhow, since neatness
Meant less than handiness, completeness.

How different the desk today,
Which, when it's five o'clock, you stay
To straighten up and make all tidy
Five times a week, and most on Friday.
Back in the good old days, you'd slam
The top, and leave the mess, and scram.

—RICHARD ARMOUR.

• • •

MEMORIA TECHNICA

AS a Britisher, I still have a lot of trouble with American holidays. In the first place I'm never sure when they are, and in the second place, even when I find out, I don't know whether the banks are open or shut or if I'll get a mail delivery that morning.

Things like Thanksgiving, Labour Day, Veterans Day, Lincoln's and Washington's Birthdays and Hallowe'en give me no end of trouble, and I'm completely licked by Father's Day, Mother's Day, and Groundhog Day. One reason I never go south of the Mason-Dixon is that I might land in the middle of Memorial Day in the South. Independence Day all over is enough for me. It's the only one I'm not confused about.

Not that I don't like American Days. Either people send funny, funny cards to each other (I got a lulu last Valentine's Day) or they hang out flags and have parades. I saw one of the parades just recently. There were soldiers in the van (marching in front, that is) and, considering it's peacetime, a hell of a lot of them were in step. Behind them was the liveliest band you ever saw, with a great gold and red banner emblazoned FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS, LOCAL 410. Oh, there were hordes of other groups; I just can't tell you how gay and festive it all was. At last came Old Glory and even for a chauvinistic old Limey like me it had a message. The Stars and Stripes rolling and dipping in the breeze sent tingles up my back just as if it had been the Union Jack. It even brought my heels together and took my hands out of my pockets. People around me in the crowd must have thought I was stiffening for an epileptic fit, and I guess I took their attention off the flag, because they all missed it. None of them removed his hat, and the policeman forgot to stop chewing his gum and salute. Following the first flag came a second, and a third, and a fourth. There were six of them in all, with two toy ones at the back. It was then I

realized it did look sort of silly for me to be standing there like that; when you had so many flags it took the shine off like a second-hand car dealer's lot. And the jazz band right behind made it hard for me to concentrate. I was caught between "America the Beautiful" and "Tie Me Kangaroo Down."

Then, as a superb girl in tinsel, tassels, and a lot of flesh high-kicked by twirling a cane and dazzling us with her teeth, I realized my mood had been all wrong. I relaxed and smiled and, by way of apology, told a gray-haired chap beside me that I had been thinking it was Decoration Day. He shrugged gloomily and said that that's what it was.

—DEANE NARAYN.

• • •

OBJETS D'ART

IMAGINE the antique shop of tomorrow, filled with the products today, as visited by a suburban housewife in search of a bibelot. She doesn't know exactly what she wants, but it has to be pretty and it has to be old.

Her glance first falls on a sheet of aluminum casing, paper-thin and gleaming dully. Its purity of line takes her

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To celebrate our Tenth Anniversary

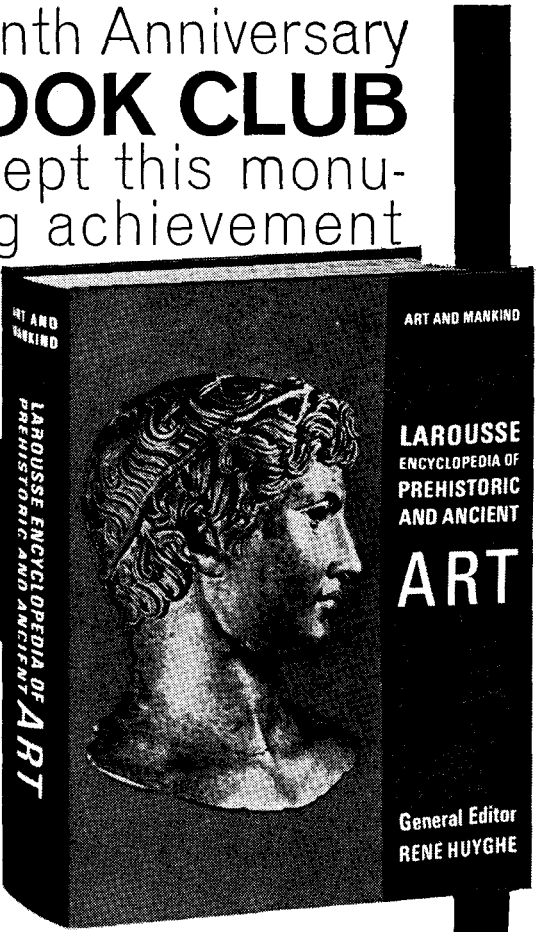
HUDSON BOOK CLUB

invites you to accept this monumental publishing achievement

FREE

with your first selection

LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PREHISTORIC AND ANCIENT ART



Spanning all the ages, cultures, and races of mankind from the dawn of human society to the Fall of Rome...and incorporating the most up-to-date knowledge in the fields of Art Criticism, Archaeology, History, Anthropology, Mythology, Iconography, Ethnology, and Comparative Religion.

To prepare the LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PREHISTORIC AND ANCIENT ART, celebrated scholars labored for ten years to assemble, document, and interpret the art treasures of the Neolithic, Paleolithic, Chalcolithic, Archaic, Homeric, Biblical, Classical, Hellenistic, and Roman eras...as well as those of the comparable periods in India, China, Japan, Oceania, pre-Columbian America...and of the primitive societies that have survived into modern times.

The original French language edition from the famous publishing house of Larousse in Paris is one of the most highly acclaimed works of its kind in the world today. This is the first edition ever available in English. There is no other book like it.

EVERYTHING YOU WANT TO SEE AND KNOW can be found here in a few moments. Yet this great "reference" work is designed not only to be consulted for facts but read for pleasure. It will lead you spellbound through the history of art and the history of man as well...his ritual, folklore, myth, magic, mysticism, and symbolism.

"BEAUTY AND BESTIALITY INEXTRICABLY JOINED". Here are the cave paintings and megaliths of prehistoric man...the epic fusion of sex, religion, and art in the rites of the Mother Goddess...the lost civilizations of the Indus Valley...the art treasures of prehistoric China.

Read on and explore the art of the ancient Egyptians and Mesopotamians, Medes and Persians, Hittites, Canaanites, Phoenicians, and the long-neglected Carthaginians...the fabulous "Parisian" society of Minoan Crete...the Mycenaeans who brawled at the gates of Troy...the mysterious Etruscans...the stupendous art of Greece (greater and gaudier than the fig-leafed museum pieces have led us to believe)....the art of republican and imperial Rome...the barbaric splendors of the ancestral Celtic and Germanic tribesmen...the art of the incredible civilizations of ancient Mexico, Yucatan, and Peru...the ancient Negro empires in Africa...the art of the South Pacific (where family albums are composed of smoked ancestral heads)...and the 20th century primitive cultures in which the earliest gropings of human art live again before our eyes...**all of it illustrated and illumined in an incomparable assemblage of ancient, prehistoric, and primitive painting, sculpture, symbols, idols, rituals and sacrificial objects, many rarely seen by modern Western eyes.**

PUBLISHED AT $17.95

- **750 illustrations, many in full color**
- **A giant volume of 8½" x 11" pages**
- **Yours FREE with membership**

EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP OFFER. LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PREHISTORIC AND ANCIENT ART is typical of the kind of book offered regularly to members of the Hudson Book Club at reduced prices. Limited quantities have been set aside as Free Gifts for new members who join now. It makes good sense to send for your free copy today, with your first selection chosen from the list at right. If not delighted, simply return the books within 2 weeks and your membership will be cancelled without cost or obligation. The club takes all the risk.

ONLY THREE MORE SELECTIONS NEED BE TAKEN WITHIN ONE YEAR. The Hudson Book Club pools your buying power with that of other discerning readers who share your tastes. By means of low Members Prices and free Bonus Books, it saves you an average of 50% on the very books you would otherwise purchase at full price.

IMPORTANT TO ACT QUICKLY. Mail coupon today while free copies of LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PREHISTORIC AND ANCIENT ART are still available.

CHOOSE YOUR FIRST SELECTION NOW and receive free your $17.95 copy of the Larousse Encyclopedia of Prehistoric and Ancient Art.

AN AMERICAN DILEMMA. By Gunnar Myrdal. 20th Anniversary Edition of the most important book ever written on American race relations. With a review of recent developments. List, $16.50. **Members' Price $10.95**

ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM IN AMERICAN LIFE. By Richard Hofstadter. Is America's notorious philistinism rooted in our deepest democratic beliefs? A revealing study by the Pulitzer-Prizewinning author of **The Age of Reform.** List, $6.95. **Members' Price $4.95**

SPECULATIONS ABOUT JACOB. By Uwe Johnson. A work of fiction that signals the return of Germany to the arena of world literature. "A new creative voice."—**N.Y. Times Bk. Rev.** "A great new talent."—**Kay Boyle** List, $4.50. **Members' Price $3.75**

CITY OF NIGHT. By John Rechy. This novel about a male prostitute is electrifying the literary world. "A humbling and liberating achievement."—**James Baldwin** List, $5.95. **Members' Price $4.50**

A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES. Ed. by Thomas Craven. The most highly praised art book of our time in a magnificent new edition. 650 reproductions (161 in full color) of the world's greatest paintings. List, $7.95. **Members' Price $5.75**

THE SILENT PAST. By Ivar Lissner, author of **The Living Past.** The archaeology of the "lost worlds" that have haunted human history—from Atlantis to Jericho, Carthage, Yucatan. 115 illus. List, $6.95. **Members' Price $4.85**

TROPIC OF CAPRICORN. By Henry Miller. "A moral work of great perception and feeling."—**Richard Seaver.** List, $7.50. **Members' Price $4.95**

JOU PU TUAN (PRAYER MAT OF FLESH). "...a strange book, brimming with Buddhism. We are in the copulatory place of the Francion or of Sade."—**Nouvelle Revue Francaise.** List, $6.50. **Members' Price $4.75**

THE ROTHSCHILDS. By Frederic Morton. The major bestseller which is also a major work of biography, history and sociology. List, $5.95. **Members' Price $4.50**

LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE EARTH. Monumental compendium of geology, paleontology, geophysics, oceanography, meteorology, etc. 600 illus., many in full colqr. List, $15.00. **Members' Price $9.95**

KINGS, COURTS, AND MONARCHY. By Harold Nicolson. From Stone Age priest-kings to Elizabeth II. A magnificent, not-always-reverent account. 300 illus., many in full color. List, $12.50. **Members' Price $7.95**

THE HERITAGE OF PERSIA. By Richard Frye. One of the world's great civilizations—from the Medes to Darius, Xerxes, Zoroaster, and the Islamic conquest. 64 pp. of illustrations. List, $7.50. **Members' Price $5.50**

Gibbon's **DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.** A modern abridgment by Moses Hadas. List, $4.95. **Members' Price $3.50**

THE LIFE AND WORK OF SIGMUND FREUD. By Ernest Jones. One-volume edition, edited & abridged by Lionel Trilling & Steven Marcus. List, $7.50. **Members' Price $5.50**

O'NEILL. The distinguished biography by Arthur and Barbara Gelb. "An Everest of a book."—**Saturday Review.** Almost 1,000 pages, illus. List, $12.50. **Members' Price $7.50**

FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO. By Geoffrey Bibbey. Life in the time of Abraham, Troy, Stonehenge, Knossos, and the glory of Egypt. List, $6.95. **Members' Price $4.95**

BLACK SPRING. By Henry Miller. The third volume in this forbidden trilogy. "A remarkable work of art. How could this ever be called pornographic?"—**Maxwell Geismar** List, $5.00. **Members' Price $3.95**

THE AGE OF REVOLUTION 1789-1848. By E. J. Hobsbawn. The 60 years in which the modern world as we know it came into being. Illus. List, $7.50. **Members' Price $5.50**

THE WILL OF ZEUS. By Stringfellow Barr. A history of Greece that is also a consummate literary achievement. Written with power, grandeur and beauty. Illus. List, $10.00. **Members' Price $5.95**

THEATRE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. Sartre on Brecht. Ionesco on Pirandello—and other major figures dissecting each other with no holds barred. List, $7.50. **Members' Price $4.85**

NO MONEY NEED BE SENT WITH COUPON

HUDSON BOOK CLUB, 131 VARICK STREET, NEW YORK 13, N.Y.

Please enroll me as a Trial Member of the Hudson Book Club and send me Free: **LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PREHISTORIC & ANCIENT ART.** As my first selection, send me, at the low Members' Price:

_____
(ENTER YOUR FIRST SELECTION HERE)

If for any reason I decide not to remain a member, I may return these books within 2 weeks and my membership will be cancelled without cost or obligation. Forthcoming selections and alternates will be described to me in a monthly Advance Bulletin and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided.

If I elect to remain a member I need choose only 3 more books at reduced prices during the coming year, and will be under no further obligation. Thereafter, every 4 books I accept from the Club will entitle me to a free Bonus Book of my choice.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State____

☐ Please bill me for my First Selection plus shipping charge.

☐ My check for First Selection is enclosed (Club pays shipping). Same cancellation privileges. MS-152

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

distinctive and unusual

CHRISTMAS CARDS

A new group of the famous Metropolitan Museum of Art cards. Paintings from early Italian and Flemish masters to Renoir and Van Gogh, medieval tapestries and ivories, Persian manuscripts, Byzantine gold and enamels, primitive woodcuts, prints and drawings by Rembrandt, Dürer, and Tiepolo, and a festive variety of designs from ancient Greece, China, India, Japan, and pre-Inca Peru. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions under supervision of the Museum, cost from 5 to 95 cents each. The 40 page catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents—will be mailed about September 1.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 28

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed $10

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Be Your Own Art Teacher

Learn Commercial Art for Only 20¢ a Day!

ENJOY glamorous high-pay career or profitable hobby this easy, proven way. Learn Painting, Commercial Art, Cartooning, Fashion, TV Art, etc., at home in your spare time — **for only 20¢ a day!** TWO 22-piece art outfits (worth $25) included at no extra cost. Cash in on demand for trained artists. Be your own boss or high-pay staff artist. Write for FREE Book describing easy Course. No obligation. No salesman will call. So write TODAY to: **WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Studio 2488 Port Washington, L.I., N.Y.** *(Est. 1914)*

Coming: September 14

Special Preview Feature of *1963*

NEW YORK HIGH FIDELITY MUSIC SHOW

Presenting new products and developments in sound reproduction, with a comprehensive guide to the exhibits.

breath away. "What is it?" she demands of the storekeeper, an aging dyspeptic who shuffles out from behind a yellowing pile of pop-up toaster planters. "A piece of the fuselage from an old Boeing 707, very rare," he says. "Put some legs on it and you've got yourself a table."

"Legs? It's much too beautiful for *legs!*" says the lady. "It would make a divine headboard for a four-poster."

"In that case, you'll need a smaller piece for the foot," murmurs the proprietor. Holding up a forefinger for patience, he patters to the rear of the shop where the rest of the fuselage rises amid a litter of gutted Barcaloungers, fluorescent light fixtures, and old Miltown bottles. Four snips of the metal shears and the footboard is done. "That'll be thirty-five dollars," he tells his customer, "and if you want some offbeat posts for your four-poster, I've got some radio antennas from an early Corvair that'll knock 'em dead in Scarsdale."

The lady now decides to leave, before she gets separated from any more cash, but she has reckoned without a gorgeous object reposing near the door—an orthopedic wheelchair complete with rubber-tipped handles and a greenish stain on the seat webbing that indicates the original material has not been replaced. She reaches for her checkbook with a dizzy feeling, while the shopkeeper beams. Just to show his gratitude, he throws in two crutches from the same period without charge.

Her choices are triumphantly vindicated the next day when her best friend comes to call. The friend has already seen some of her previous finds—the 1960 eggbeater now electrified into a table lamp (Tiffany, $150) and the coffee table decorated with twenty-five plastic hair curlers set artfully in terrazzo (Nieman-Marcus, $225)—and she heads straight for a fascinating new bench.

"What a charming little seat," she cries. "Wherever did you find it?"

"I made it out of crutches, my dear."

"Well aren't you clever! Whatever gave you the idea?"

"Oh, it just came to me. I mean, what else can you do with those old things? Nowadays they *shoot* people who break their legs."

"Yes," sighed her friend, "it's probably kinder that way. Especially now that we've got so many extra people in the world."

"I agree," nods the hostess, and smiling gravely at each other, they pass the cocktail shaker—a silver-plated ice bag which washed ashore from a Cunard liner as it was passing Montauk point in 1963, and is considered something of a museum piece.

—RICHARD HALL.

Chess Corner—No. 84

MANY an attack against the enemy King just fails because the attacker's "lame duck" piece—his Queen Rook—is never able to add its weight for a final knockout.

The game below, played in the last Chess Olympics at Varna, Bulgaria, is a rare exception. Here, an early White move, 8 P-QR4, not only stabilizes his Pawn skeleton but also creates a path for the Rook's entry into the fray.

This does not mean that as early as his eighth turn White foresaw all the implications of the Pawn push. Such prophecy is beyond the ken of the chess master.

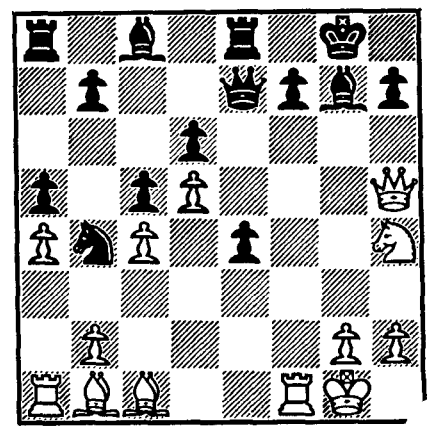
But after six more moves, White's 14 P-B5 must have anticipated the mobilization of his Queen's Rook along its subsequent route. Then, 18 R-R3 followed by 19 R-KN3 is decisive.

Black suffers in this game from lack of a constructive opening plan. 7 . . . P-QR3 and later on 10 . . . P-QR4 is vacillating. And 14 . . . PxP opens the King Bishop file, which accrues to White.

Evfim Geller, the Soviet master, is badly off form, while Soos, the Rumanian expert, plays like one inspired.

KING'S INDIAN DEFENSE

	Soos White	Geller Black			
1	P-Q4	N-KB3	9	B-K2	PxP
2	P-QB4	P-KN3	10	KPxP	P-QR4
3	N-QB3	B-N2	11	O-O	N-R3
4	P-K4	P-Q3	12	B-Q3	N-QN5
5	P-B4	P-B4	13	B-N1	R-K1
6	P-Q5	O-O	14	P-B5	PxP
7	N-B3	P-QR3	15	N-R4	N-K5
8	P-QR4	P-K3	16	NxN	PxN
			17	Q-R5	Q-K2



18	R-R3	P-B4	21	RxP	BxR
19	R-KN3	R-B1	22	NxB	Q-K4
20	B-R6	R-B2	23	BxB	Resigns

—AL HOROWITZ.

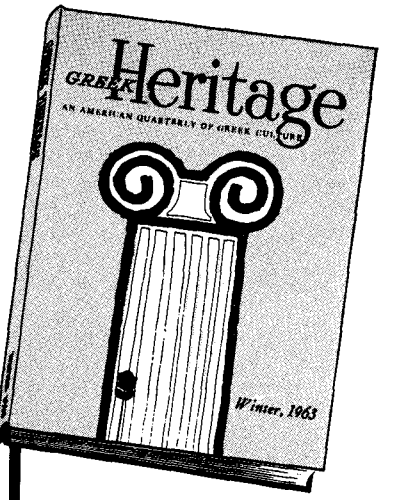
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GLORY THAT WAS AND IS GREECE

Now Yours **in the important new**

hard-bound, magnificently illustrated quarterly—

GREEK HERITAGE



You are invited to become a Charter Subscriber with unique advantages . . . including the privilege of attending a TWO WEEKS SYMPOSIUM IN ATHENS on Greek art and culture in October, 1964, under the direction of Mortimer Adler.

THE GREEK HERITAGE is everyone's heritage. It is evident all around us—in art, architecture, philosophy, fashions, government, science, and even in the names we give to our rockets.

Sir Henry James Maine remarked, "Except the blind forces of Nature, nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in its origin."

Lawrence Durrell writes: "Other countries offer you discoveries in manners or lore or landscapes; Greece offers you something harder—the discovery of yourself."

GREEK HERITAGE is being published to bring you the great ideas of the writers, artists and leaders of the Hellenic World that can be vital to your own life. In its pages you will examine the influence of Greek culture throughout 6,000 years of civilization. GREEK HERITAGE will also bring you translations of the best modern Greek literature, and many new translations of the famous and not-so-famous classics.

Today no one's education is complete without a knowledge of Greek culture and its contributions to our time. You owe it to your family to have GREEK HERITAGE in your home.

KIMON FRIAR is EDITOR

The editor of GREEK HERITAGE is Kimon Friar—poet, critic, teacher, translator in verse of the Book-of-the-Month Club selection, "The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel" by Nikos Kazantzakis. He was a Fulbright Research Scholar in Modern Greek Literature at the University of Athens, and former director of New York's famed Poetry Center. GREEK HERITAGE will also present recent and contemporary writers, such as:

Andre Malraux	Nikos Kazantzakis
Mary Renault	Denison Hull
Odysseus Elytis	Doris Fielding Reid
George Weller	Lawrence Durrell
Andre Michalopoulos	George Seferis
Sir Maurice Bowra	Alexander Eliot
Michael Choukas	Christopher Rand
Beatrice de Holguin	Paul Roche
Edith Hamilton	Oscar Broneer
Elizabeth Bowen	Alexander Matsas
George Santayana	Lewis Perry, Jr.
Kostis Palamas	Henry Rago . . .
Harry Mark Petrakis	*and many others.*

The Contents of GREEK HERITAGE

EACH ISSUE, BOUND LIKE A FINE BOOK, COMBINES BEAUTY AND SCHOLARSHIP WITH ARTICLES OF LASTING INTEREST TO BE TREASURED PERMANENTLY. THERE WILL BE NO ADVERTISING.

• Here Are Just a Few of the Articles Your Charter Subscription to GREEK HERITAGE Will Bring You:

- Ten Greeks Who Made Our World
- The Heritage of Edith Hamilton
- Kazantzakis: Unpublished fiction, Memoirs, travel, poetry
- The Greek Influence on Picasso
- Santayana: Hellenism and Barbarism, an unpublished essay
- The Greek Athlete and the Modern Professional
- Lawrence Durrell: Two new poems on Greek themes
- Classical Furniture, Redesigned by Robsjohn-Gibbings
- A Psychoanalyst Looks at the Greeks
- The Grecian Influence on American Architecture
- Panayiotis Zografos's Magnificent Illustrations of Makriyannis's Memoirs of the Greek War of Independence
- Lord Elgin: Savior or Thief?
- The Trickster Themistocles Who Saved the West
- The Folk Culture of Mediaeval and Modern Greece
- On the Music of Manos Hadjidakis (who wrote the score for "Never on Sunday")
- New Translations from Sappho
- Women Among the Ancient Greeks
- Hunting in Ancient Hellas
- Slavery in the First Society to Nurture Freedom
- Maxims from the Greeks
- 5000 Years of the Greek Language
- Medical Practices and Ethics Among the Ancient Greeks
- Twelve Greek Dances with text, diagrams and music
- A Series: New Excavations, New Classical Treasures

Each issue will explore one island or area for the tourist to visit, in an article written by a famous native or other authority—a travelogue with stunning photographs.

Send No Money—Use Coupon Below

To Reserve Your Charter Subscription

The first issue of GREEK HERITAGE will appear in November, and is sure to be a collector's item. You'll want to examine it at leisure, and share it with your family and friends. To be sure of receiving your copy, simply fill in and mail the coupon below. It reserves your Charter Subscription for a full year at the special prepublication price of $20. (The regular subscription price is $25.) Send no money. You will be billed after receiving the first issue. If you are not thoroughly delighted with the contents, return it and we will promptly cancel your Charter Subscription reservation. As a Charter Subscriber—

- *You are invited to attend a two weeks Symposium in Athens and a Tour of the Greek Islands in October, 1964, at considerably below what the land arrangements and hotel expenses would be if you went independently.*
- *You may also enter gift subscriptions —for Christmas, birthdays, anniversaries, graduations, at this price.*

More About the Trip to Greece
for Charter Subscribers Only

There is nothing like seeing Greece yourself. That's why we are inviting the Charter Subscribers of GREEK HERITAGE to join members of its staff, prominent Greek scholars and other distinguished guests for a special two-weeks Symposium in Athens and tour of the famous islands in October, 1964, at a considerable savings in land arrangements and hotel expenses. The Symposium will be conducted by Mortimer Adler, noted author, philosopher, and GREAT BOOKS Editor. Plan now to make your own memorable Greek Odyssey with us! Mail the coupon below to assure your Charter Subscription.

GREEK HERITAGE
360 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago 1, Ill.

Editor Kimon Friar

Printer
R. R. Donnelley & Sons

Publisher
Christopher G. Janus

Advisory Board
Mortimer J. Adler
J. R. Cominsky
Lawrence Durrell
August Heckscher
Harry E. Houghton
Mary Renault
Edward H. Weiss

CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION RESERVATION SR

To: GREEK HERITAGE, 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Please reserve my Charter Subscription for the first four quarterly issues of GREEK HERITAGE (beginning November, 1963) at the special prepublication price of $20. I understand that I will be billed only after receiving the first issue. I also understand that I may cancel my Charter Subscription reservation if the first issue does not completely fulfill my expectations.

☐ $....Enclosed ☐ Bill me. ☐ Charge my AMERICAN EXPRESS card number.

Information about the special GREEK HERITAGE trip to Greece will be sent to Charter Subscribers. Please print.

Name.....

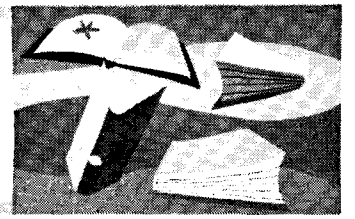
Address.....

City.....Zone...State.....

(Use separate sheet to enter gift subscription at special Charter rates, and enclose in envelope with your order. Gift cards, signed in your name, will be sent to each recipient.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

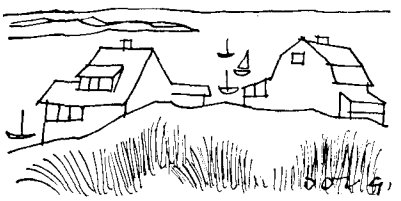
Trade Winds



MARTHA'S VINEYARD, Massachusetts, has been called a body of land completely surrounded by dry martinis; a land of utter enchantment and surpassing beauty; and the source of all the seaweed that lands on the beaches of neighboring Nantucket. It lies off the shores of Cape Cod, proud and elegant, swelling to six times its normal population each summer. Its 6,500 year-round residents take this invasion in their stride, and in fact seem to enjoy it.

Anyone exposed to the Vineyard for any length of time automatically becomes an addict. There is no known cure. The withdrawal symptoms each September for summer visitors are acute and agonizing.

Because of its heady magnetism, it is not surprising that writers and artists of every description flock there each



summer, from the cliffs of Gay Head to the heaths of Chappaquiddick. Even writers who are not particularly attached to salt water swarm there. The late James Thurber once said he thought the island was magnificent because it had so many roads that lead away from the sea.

WE MADE A ROUNDUP of the book-and-author colony on a recent sultry day, and herewith report our findings.

At 11:23 A.M., Lillian Hellman was drinking a cup of coffee and settling down to knit a mustard-colored cardigan sweater for herself. "I've given up knitting sweaters for other people," she says. "I always seem to pick the wrong color."

Although she was relaxing at this particular moment, the respite will not last long. She is planning to do a fairly long piece for the *Ladies' Home Journal* on the civil rights struggle, and preparing an anthology of Dashiell Hammett's works. She has no immediate plans for another play. "I always seem to have a long period between plays," she told us. "For better or for worse."

AT 11:41 THAT MORNING, S. J. Perelman was sitting in a beach chair at Gay Head, reading what he called a very uninteresting paperback.

"Actually, all I'm doing," he told us, "is containing myself in the ward, resting and vegetating." He finds the island a perfect place to do just that; work was the farthest thing from his mind.

At approximately the same moment, Benedict Thielen, whose articles in *Holiday* and *National Geographic* have attracted much attention, was wrenching a few weeds out of his sturdy parsley patch, and admiring a handsome crop of Boston lettuce. He finds that writing is difficult on the island, and has to be stern with himself. "The beach and the sea are very seductive," he says. In spite of this, he has just finished two extensive magazine pieces on the Gaspé Peninsula and all of Florida.

SHORTLY AFTER NOON on this August day, Henry Beetle Hough was sitting at his roll-top desk in Edgartown, finishing a story for his famed *Vineyard Gazette*. He and his wife met at journalism school, and then immediately threw all the rulebooks away to create one of America's most distinctive newspapers. "I think the reason for whatever success we've had," Mr. Hough told us, "is my wife's merciless and impetuous conviction that a newspaper must be dominated by human feeling—and that an editor must do what he damn pleases." His novel *The Port*, published by Atheneum, is doing nicely.

AT 12:14 P.M., Vance Packard was desperately trying to create a surrey-with-a-fringe-on-top effect, of all things, for his outboard motor boat as part of a regatta at the Chappaquiddick Beach Club. "I just stapled my thumb to the gunwale," he told us ruefully. His boat won sixth prize in a field of six, but this has left him undiscouraged. He is in the middle of a book that promises to be as stinging as *The Hidden Persuaders* and *The Status Seekers*.

At 12:21 P.M., Stanley Burnshaw, vice president of Holt, Rinehart & Winston and a leading authority on Robert Frost, was staring glumly at his herb garden to see whether it needed watering. It did. But after taking care of that job, he planned to check over the galleys of his own new book, *Caged in an Animal's Mind*, which will be along in September. Watering the herbs did not dampen his enthusiasm for one of Holt's major books of the fall, *The Letters of Robert Frost to Louis Untermeyer*.

Shortly after this, in another part of the forest, author John Tebbel was rising out of a steaming tub to return to the galleys of his new book *From Rags to Riches: Horatio Alger and the American Dream*, which Macmillan is to publish. Mr. Tebbel has been coming to the Vineyard for ten years but has never put a toe in the ocean. "It's great to look at," he says.

AT EXACTLY 5:43 P.M., William Styron, with opposite feelings about salt water, emerged dripping from the Atlantic and sat down to mull over a book review he was writing. His progress with his new novel is excellent, he says. He is halfway through the book, the story of a slave insurrection in Virginia.

At 5:57 P.M., John Marquand, Jr., who writes under the name of John Phillips, was taking the ticks out of his German shepherd dog. "Bit of a messy job," he told us. He is finishing up a novel for Atheneum, the publisher that seems to be trying to corner Vineyard authors, possibly because editor Hiram Haydn is a regular visitor.

At 6:01 P.M. on that day, Max Eastman was sipping a cocktail at his home overlooking Menemsha Bight, having just completed Volume II of his memoirs for Random House, titled *Love and Revolution: My Journey Through an Epoch*. Not far away, Dore Schary was sitting near the water, playing Scrabble with his son-in-law. He had just returned from New York after working on the editing of his film of Moss Hart's life, *Act One*. He plans to reshape his play *Banderol* for later production, and produce a script, *Love and Kisses*, for this season.

By now the typewriters had stopped clacking, and the sound of the surf was taking over. It would not be long before they would join in a duet again.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1532)

JOHN MASON BROWN:
WHAT'S RIGHT (WITH THE THEATRE)
(*Saturday Review*, May 11, 1963)

Some new* plays — just* foolish freaks, dull enough to test endurance —have so defied comprehension that they have called to mind Robert Frost's saying to a poet whose poems he could not understand: "If this is your secret, keep it."

———

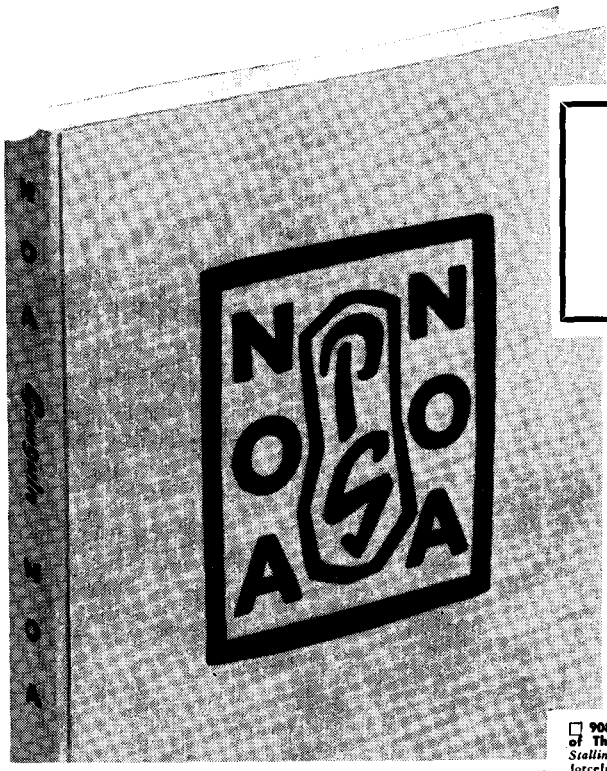
*Inserted to get the extra W and the J.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A remarkable offer from
America's most rewarding book club
—Mid-CenturyMember

ONLY $1

for this beautiful $15.00 ART BOOK
or any other book below



Incredible though it may seem, we will send you *any* one of these extraordinary books for only $1—even if one of your choices is this sumptuous, *unexpurgated* NOA NOA, whose regular retail price is $15!

All you need do is order one or more other books, now, at a Special EXTRA-DISCOUNT price—only $2.95 for any other book listed below *regardless of its retail price!* You can even order *more* than one of these books—as many as you wish—at this same special price [$2.95] . . . so long as you do so on the enrollment form below.

Thereafter, any time during the coming year, you need buy only four of the hundreds of new books to be offered to members, at savings averaging 50% under publisher's regular retail prices! [Besides outright discounts you also earn one or more *$2.50 Cash Bonus Vouchers* for each and every book you purchase. Moreover, these Vouchers can be exchanged immediately—*at any time*—for books of your choice.]

PLEASE ORDER BY NUMBER FROM THE LIST BELOW

THE UNCENSORED GAUGUIN

☐ 209. **PAUL GAUGUIN'S "NOA NOA" UNEXPURGATED.** This passionate—and passionately illustrated—diary of Gauguin's life in Tahiti is the verbal counterpart of his paintings: a spontaneous and uninhibited reflection of his intense love of life, art and women. This **unexpurgated** edition, never before published in this country, includes 70 magnificent color reproductions of the little-known, primitively sensuous water-colors from the original manuscript.

PUBLISHER'S RETAIL PRICE $15

ILLUSTRATION IS ONLY ABOUT ¼ ACTUAL SIZE

☐ **908. THE DOUGHBOYS. The Story of The AEF (1917-18)** *by Laurence Stallings.* This inspired merging of forceful prose, factual accuracy and on-the-scene immediacy is the intriguing and complete story of the American Expeditionary Force . . . an unrivalled "you are there" sensation. 424 pp. 85 photos, 17 maps, 134 *full-color* AEF insignia. *Retail $7.95.*

☐ **135. THE GENIUS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.** Leonardo's mind, as revealed through 132 illustrations in color and monochrome and his own brilliant writings, supplemented by Andre Chastel's perceptive interpretations. *Retail $12.50.*

☐ **155. THE COMPLETE TALES OF HENRY JAMES** *Edited by Pulitzer Prize Winner, Leon Edel and including James' works never before in book form.* Two separately bound books: *Tales of the Civil War Period [1864-68]* the author's earliest works written in his early and middle twenties and *Tales of His Late Twenties [1868-72],* written after his first trip in Europe. The two-book set totals 19 short stories, 875 pages. *Combined Retail Price $11.90.*

☐ **207. THE CRADLE OF EROTICA.** A close scrutiny of the unusual and unrestrained sexual practices of Afro-Asian peoples as evidenced in their own literature [which is copiously quoted]. Shedding, as it does, bright new light on the meaning of "normal" vs. "abnormal," there is no comparable work in existence. *Retail $9.50.*

☐ **129. VAN GOGH: A SELF PORTRAIT.** *W. F. Auden's* masterful condensation of the $50 three-volume set. Here, in Van Gogh's own letters and paintings is the mind, soul and vision of this tormented genius. Includes 36 little known Van Gogh paintings, drawings, sketches, many in color. *Retail $10.00.*

☐ **169. THE WESTERN:** *From Silents to Cinerama.* A lavishly-illustrated presentation of the most American of film art forms—the wild and woolly Western. All magic names, including William S. Hart, Tom Mix, Gary Cooper, John Wayne, *The Great Train Robbery, High Noon, How the West Was Won* [to mention just a few]. *Retail $12.50.*

☐ **149. A WORLD ON THE WANE.** Perhaps the most remarkable work ever published on a sexually-uninhibited primitive culture. Includes 48 pp. of revealing photos. *Retail $12.50.*

JAMES BALDWIN on the NEGRO IN AMERICA

☐ **205. THE FIRE NEXT TIME.** Best-seller Baldwin bares his soul—on the NAACP, the Black Muslims, and the rise of Negro power in the U.S. Here is the book that is lighting fire under both black and white America. *Retail $3.50.*

☐ **163. ANOTHER COUNTRY.** The famous novel that propelled Baldwin, virtually overnight, to the top rank of American writers. A gripping, frightening message. *Retail $5.95.*

☐ **192. THOMAS MANN: THE "JOSEPH" TETRALOGY.** A 1200-page single-volume edition of 4 of Mann's great novels: *The Tales of Jacob, Young Joseph, Joseph in Egypt,* and *Joseph the Provider. Retail $8.50.*

☐ **994. BOSWELL'S UNEXPURGATED "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides."** The best of all Boswell journals now offered unexpurgated by virtue of the recent discovery of Boswell's lost papers. *Retail $10.00.*

☐ **211. SPECULATIONS ABOUT JAKOB** *by Uwe Johnson.* The chilling new novel by Germany's new prize-winning *Wunderkind.* On the surface a gripping "thriller," between the lines a disturbing and moving view of East versus West. A major novel of this half-century. *Retail $4.50.*

THE COLOR SLIDE BOOKS OF THE WORLD'S ART

Here is the best means [color transparencies] of viewing great art outside the world's great museums. *Each* of the following sets includes [a] 24 color slides, [b] book of explanatory text and [c] hand slide viewer:

☐ **994. THE IMPRESSIONIST PAINTING.** *Retail $8.95.*

☐ **THE DUTCH PAINTING.** *Retail $8.95.*

☐ **993. JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY: A Modern Selection** from the most famous, and most wickedly personal, dictionary of all time. A delight to read and browse. *Retail $6.50.*

☐ **210. SALT** *by Herbert Gold.* A smashing expose of *La Dolce Vita* as practiced in New York. This brilliant new book is about life, sex and the pursuit of status on and near Madison Avenue. *Retail $4.95.*

☐ **938. RIMBAUD and BEAUDELAIRE** *by Enid Starkie.* Two (2) separate books—exciting and illuminating biographies of geniuses whose poems re-created the passions and sorrows of their tortured—and legendary—lives. Dr. Starkie's interpretations of Baudelaire—dandy and drug addict—and Rimbaud—slave-trader and debauchee of remarkable pertinacity—are stimulating, sensitive and original. *Retail $20.00.*

☐ **998. THE FIRST WORLD WAR: A PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY** *by Laurence Stallings.* The appalling "sights, sounds and smells" of "*The Guns of August*" through "*1918; The Last Act*"—as only the camera can re-create them. The definitive picture history of the War to End Wars. *Retail $7.50*

The GERMAN "CATCH-22"

☐ **181. THE OFFICER FACTORY** *by Hans Hellmut Kirst.* Set in a Nazi officers' training school in 1944, this great new novel presents an intimate picture of the behind-the-scenes chaos of Hitler's Third Reich in a series of gripping events that range from nerve-tearing tragedy to high comedy. [502 pp.] *Retail $6.50.*

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO and THE CONQUEST OF PERU

☐ **916.** William H. Prescott's immortal histories of Cortes and Pizarro in a massive new *complete and unabridged one-volume* edition. The stories of the small bands of *Conquistadores* are among the most dramatic narratives of all time. 1288 pp., fully indexed. *Retail $12.50.*

WHAT YOU RECEIVE as a new trial member

To introduce you to the unique benefits of belonging to America's most rewarding book club,

- **WE GIVE YOU** the extraordinary offer described in this announcement—together with one or more books at the EXTRA-Discount Price for New Members also listed herein.
- **50% SAVINGS—AND MORE!** You save an average of 50% under publishers' prices on any future selections you accept, too!
- **CASH BONUS VOUCHERS:** *On top of the outright discounts* on the club's selections, you also earn at least one—sometimes more—*$2.50 Bonus Vouchers* with each and every book you purchase. These *$2.50 Vouchers* can be applied immediately—at any time—towards other books of your choice.
- **FREE SUBSCRIPTION** to "The Mid-Century" Magazine bringing you advance reviews of new books being published each month.
- **DISTINGUISHED RECOMMENDATIONS** of books to both read and *keep* [no fall-apart paperbacks] in every subject-category—books for pleasure, for profit, for reference . . . books for the many interests, many needs, many appetites, many sides of the men and women of America's "New Renaissance" . . . the best *novels, non-fiction, reference works, biographies, art books, histories*—and many more.
- **PROFIT SHARING:** In short, because of the pooled purchasing power of all the Society's members, it is possible and feasible for the Society to order books in large quantities—and to share profits with members in the form of the sensationally *lower prices* and the *Cash Bonus Vouchers.* The net result is that you, as a member, can now buy outstanding first-run books—in publishers' regular *cloth*-bound editions [not cardboard-bound "cheapies"] for your permanent library—for little more than you'd pay even for throw-away paperbacks!

EXTRA DISCOUNTS NOW: Remember, you may also have any *additional* books in this announcement at the EXTRA-Discount Price for *new* members listed herein—so long as you place your order now, at the same time you accept this trial membership offer. Because many of these books are in short supply, fulfillment of this offer can only be guaranteed for 30 days.

Please, therefore, enter all your choices by number on the enrollment slip—and mail without delay.

Mail to: **THE MID-CENTURY BOOK SOCIETY,** 115 East 31st St., N. Y. 16, N. Y. SR-34

Enroll me as a trial member. Also send me the book indicated below for only $1—billing me only for this book and the one or more other books ordered at the *special new-member price* of only $2.95 each.

My only obligation is to buy four more selections during the coming year from the 100 or more to be available at average savings of 50% under the publisher's retail price. [Over and above outright *Discounts,* I am to receive one or more *$2.50 Cash Bonus Vouchers* with each of these purchases.]

[PLEASE ORDER BELOW BY NUMBER.]

I. SEND THE FOLLOWING SELECTION FOR ONLY $1—with New-Member Purchase(s) at the right

II. SEND THE FOLLOWING SELECTION(S) AT SPECIAL NEW-MEMBER'S PRICE ($2.95)

Name.....

Address.....City.....Zone.....State.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Avis can't afford dirty ashtrays.

Or to start you out without a full gas tank, a new car like a lively, super-torque Ford, a smile.

Why?

When you're not the biggest in rent a cars, you have to try harder.

We do.

We're only No.2.

© 1963 AVIS, INC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review
August 24, 1963

AN AMERICAN CRITIC REPORTS ON

ART IN THE SOVIET UNION

What attitudes and edicts shape contemporary Soviet art? What are the main artistic currents? Who are the leaders? The following is a report by *SR*'s art critic.

By KATHARINE KUH

ONE day last spring I found myself in Moscow, sitting across a table from two important Soviet painters who outwardly seemed the complete antithesis of each other but who in conversation differed not one iota. Neither uttered a word that failed to echo verbatim the statements of Chairman Khrushchev in his now famous March 8 speech cracking down on cultural freedom. The two men were Vladimir Serov, a pudgy, neatly dressed painter of fifty-three who looked more like a prosperous storekeeper than the recently appointed president of Russia's most powerful art organization, and A. A. Deineka, eleven years Serov's senior, a man of rough-hewn features, unclouded blue eyes, and magnetic presence. I had come to the National Academy of Art in Moscow to interview its new president, along with one of its veteran academicians, but this meeting, supervised by two interpreters, two critics, and the administrative director of the organization, was scarcely an informal chat. Even the long conference table posed a gulf between Serov, Deineka, and myself.

When I asked, "Do you feel that art must be a tool of government?" Deineka promptly replied, "I believe there's no art on earth that is not connected with government. Some artists think they're independent but they're not, so long as they must rely on stock exchanges and selling and buying—all, of course, reflections of their government." Serov went further. For him, "This question does not exist because here art is an expression of the people and the government serves only the people. I believe our artists in the USSR are freer than yours in the USA because ours are doing what they want." (A moot question, I must say, since today any expression counter to Soviet regulations is indefatigably suppressed.) "I know a number of Western painters who must produce abstract works because these are the only ones they can sell. I consider these men slaves of the dollar. I believe that no real artist would paint with his feet or spit on a canvas purely for the sake of sensation."

"But," I asked, "isn't it possible to hold other views than yours and still remain an authentic artist?" Serov replied, "I am positive that only realism is what I can believe in; it is the only human approach to art." In Kiev a Ukrainian critic was more categorical. He told me, "Either it's realism or it's not art." Still trying to find some point of rapprochement, I questioned Serov on the meaning of realism. I recalled that a bare seven years ago, images of Stalin were virtually the trademark of Soviet art but that today, except for three monuments in Tbilisi, any graphic evidence that he had lived or left his signature on Russia had been totally eradicated. What kind of realism was this, I asked, that permitted a complete visual denial of history? (Privately, I found myself speculating about those innumerable obsequious images of Stalin now banished to the same storages that house the avant-garde works he himself had excommunicated. Never before has politics produced stranger bedfellows.) Serov's answer was a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

model of ambiguity: "Though it is true that today we are no longer permitted to see Stalin in our paintings and sculpture, this does not mean our principles have changed. The fact that we recently added certain historical facts to our knowledge about Stalin only enriches Socialist Realism."

I heard similar statements at every turn. In a scant few months the cultural thaw of recent years had frozen into impenetrable ice. The Iron Curtain had become an iron wall, with all forms of modern art outlawed and with fear the password—fear of diversity, of personal expression, of exploration, of analysis, of invention, of experimentation, of anything, in fact, that might lead to official displeasure. Under the circumstances, artists have reason to be alarmed, but the government's jittery behavior seems curiously disproportionate to the dangers involved. After all, why all these recent denouncements about a few mildly unorthodox works, why this accelerated hammering away at Western "formalism"? (Formalism, in the USSR, might be described as any form of modern art that strays from the Soviet concept of realism.) Surely, only extreme insecurity can account for such exaggerated emotions. The revival of drastic curbs on artists and writers is especially surprising in a country where standards of living are on the upgrade and where the suppression of a growing intelligentsia might lead to serious explosions. But so far, no explosions are evident.

My hope was to discover why the blackout had occurred at precisely this time. But to investigate present-day art in the Soviet Union is to court suspicion even when contacts are limited to painters and critics of spotless party allegiance. Had it not been for a remarkable organization, the Soviet-American Institute, I would have met no one, seen nothing, bruised my head against endless brick walls, and come away more battered, if perhaps less shattered. It was only through the enterprise and cordial cooperation of this group that I was able to visit art studios, schools, and artists' unions, to meet painters, critics, curators, students, and teachers—though each was scrupulously hand-picked. And yet there was always some nagging anxiety that I might speak, write, or think in terms hostile to Soviet policy. I found that fear is a communicable disease. After meeting it in others for several weeks I began to develop symptoms myself, and even now I worry that the truth, as I saw it, may prove upsetting to the very people who helped me. Today an open exchange of ideas on art is impossible in the USSR. From the lowliest neophyte to the most celebrated Lenin Prize-winner, answers to my questions were exasperatingly uniform. The chant was always the same: "'Art has a single aim—to serve the people and promote Communism." That other opinions exist is manifest, but to air them, let alone be seen discussing them with a Western journalist, would be more than foolhardy, even downright dangerous. Yet, who can deny that dissident artists in the Republic of Georgia were safer last spring than integrationists in the state of Georgia?

As far as I could gather, the blistering new disciplines resulted from various provocations, not least from the steady rise of younger progressive forces, increasingly aware of the outside world and frankly bored with an overdose of propaganda. To appreciate how radical this attitude was is to remember that art behind the Iron Curtain has always been regarded as a potent political weapon. For those in the West who look on paintings and sculpture as a release from the materialistic humdrum world of reality, who consider personal expression synonymous with creativity, it is almost impossible to accept the Russian definition. Yet the nub of our dilemma is exactly here. Because the word "art" has acutely divergent meanings for our two countries, comparative judgments are frustrating (true, no less, of pivotal terms like "peace" and "democracy").

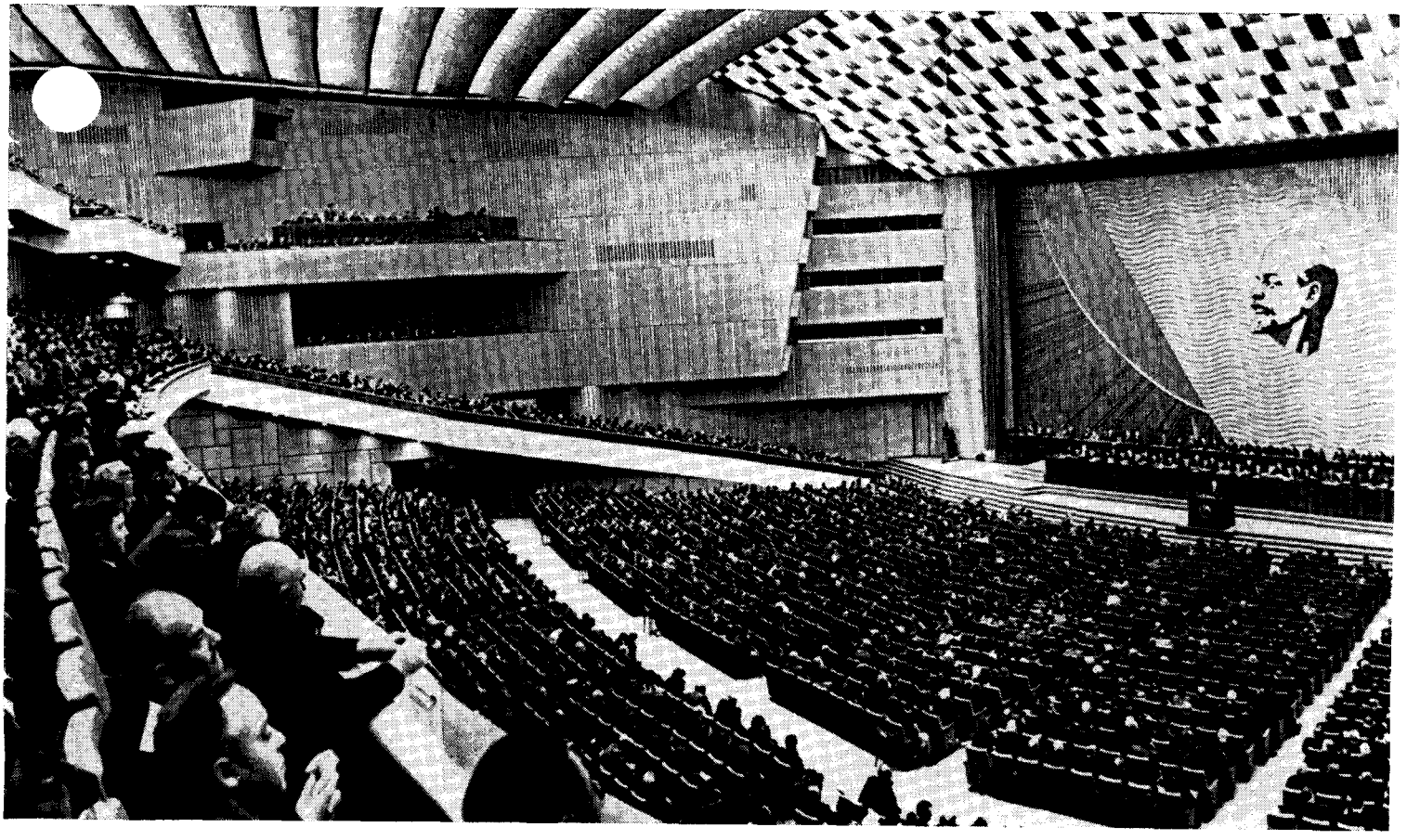
RUSSIAN painting, once it broke with the icon tradition, was rarely free from political or nationalistic implications. In the eighteenth century, art was limited almost exclusively to artificial court portraits, while in the following century it concerned itself less with honoring than with attacking court life. Later, an ardently self-conscious Slavic revival focused on early icons and native folklore. Russian art has always been torn between the East and the West, between outside influences and a fanatical nationalism. Save for the apocalyptic years between 1909 and the early Twenties, painting and sculpture, unlike Russian literature, were never to make international history. The government, influenced by these past traditions and deeply suspicious of the West, understandably rejected the very artists most respected by the rest of the world—Kandinsky, Malevich, Chagall, Tatlin, Lissitsky, Gabo, and Pevsner. As usual, fear was the reason. According to the distinguished critic Chegodaev, "Such art as Kandinsky's is based on the desire not to be understood. It is important to show the public only art they can understand. Formalism is not as innocent as it seems, for it expresses certain hostilities toward life. Take Cubism, which I find cold, analytic, egoistic. It denies life, harmony, and beauty." Mr. Chegodaev did not make clear what he meant life, harmony, or beauty, nor did he agree when I suggested that these terms might hold different meanings for different eyes. As for that, in my eyes, the very humanism he advocates is suppressed by the current Soviet obsession with undeviating uniformity.

Kandinsky and his illustrious contemporaries, though widely admired in Europe and America as pioneer Russian artists, were no doubt too advanced, too theoretical, and (ironically) too revolutionary for the average Soviet citizen of the Twenties still struggling with the basic problems of literacy. As a matter of fact, most of these artists were too advanced for the average citizen of any country at that time, but today it seems shocking that educated young Russians have never been allowed to learn about their own world-renowned painters, or about such international figures as Brancusi, Modigliani, Marcel Duchamp, and even Freud. Not one student I spoke to had ever heard these names. A bare forty-five years ago approximately 80 per cent of the population in the USSR was illiterate. Now, virtually everyone can read and write and presumably should be al to make up his own mind about art.

It was not alone to protect sources of political indoctrination that Khrushchev resurrected Stalin-like controls, but also to eliminate the infiltration of "demoralizing" Western ideas. His own instinctive distaste for any modern form of expression may have weighted the scales. But probably the most potent pressure came from the artists themselves, from intensely reactionary painters and sculptors who hoped to stave off displacement as long as possible. A new building recently opened in Moscow must have chilled their blood. The Kremlin Palace of Congresses is the first Soviet structure to depend on the spacious, light-swept discoveries of contemporary architecture. This totally modern hall, which could not conceivably accommodate the stale, heavy-handed art of the Stalin era, is a tangible symbol of danger. The old guard had reason to tremble.

When I asked Serov what happens to artists whose work does not conform to official demands, he assured me that "all our painters are educated to believe in the principles of Socialist Realism. Those few who do not acknowledge these principles are neither liked nor understood by the people, and accordingly their exhibitions are not well attended." (This observation is scarcely substantiated by recent facts and figures.) "The psychology of a Soviet artist," Serov continued, "differs from

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Above, The interior of the Kremlin Palace of Congresses; below, a typical 1963 May Day poster.

REPRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that of a Western one, for should the work of one of our artists not be liked by the people, this knowledge depresses him more than being deprived of his livelihood—and causes him to change his views."

A more cynical statement I have rarely heard, particularly in light of recent official attacks on individual artists who, as a result, have been forced into various types of retirement, despite frequent public apologies. I think of the thirty-nine-year-old sculptor Ernst Neizvestny, whose work I am unable to judge since no single evidence of it was anywhere to be found, nor was he. Substituting "immature" for the Nazis' "decadent," Soviet critics apply the adjective to almost any art that fails to meet their rigid requirements. In discussing the moody, expressionist canvases of Robert Falk, who died five years ago and who was conspicuous for having never knuckled down to the powers that be, Laktionov, a Stalin Prize-winner and favorite of Khrushchev, granted that "Falk may have had some ability, but for me he was an ignorant and immature artist." Though only a few months ago Falk's paintings were shown in most of the country's major museums and were widely admired, today a single comment by Khrushchev has implacably removed them from sight. I even heard murmurs that Dostoevsky was "immature" because his image of Russian life was warped by human frailties. In this period of mass taboos, it was not too surprising to find modern works of international reputation locked away from public view but when the Deputy Director of the Russian Museum in Leningrad denied me access to the museum's sizable collection of paintings by Pavlo Filonov, an important native artist, I was dismayed and appealed to reason. How could I, at my age and after considerable exposure to modern art, be poisoned by the fanciful semi-surrealist pictures of a man now dead over twenty years? Yet the director was adamant—and I was the loser, for it is only in Russia that one can see Filonov's work.

Surreptitiously one night I was taken by an American friend to view the paintings and drawings of several gifted young modern artists, but not to meet the men themselves. That might have proved "embarrassing" for them. I came away sick at heart that works of genuine merit must be surrounded by such absurd cloak-and-dagger secrecy. This, of course, is not to say that all so-called modern painting in Russia is interesting, but when it is, one regrets that the artist for his own security must remain bleakly anonymous. Nor shall I soon forget a painter from the remote Central Asian city of Alma-Ata who, along with some 800 other delegates from the USSR and satellite countries, was in Moscow for the Second Artists Congress. He assured me that "the artist must not feel personally; he must only feel as his society feels." He also mentioned that certain painters in his local union had been bitten by "formalistic germs and were rightly criticized but not punished by the Congress." Whether these virtuous words were merely diplomatic sops or reflections of bona fide feeling is anyone's guess.

For example, how explain Deineka? Here is a man who in 1928 painted a composition called *Defense of Petrograd*. Depending on rhythmic juxtaposition of silhouettes, a daring two-level design, and deliberate elimination of unnecessary detail, he made the canvas a moving testament to early Soviet history. It is painful to find the same artist after thirty-three years so debased as to produce a pompous scene titled *Cosmos Explorers*, which, again using figures on multiple levels, add up to little more than a shoddy advertisement even Madison Avenue would spurn. Its threadbare realism recalls American "pop art," and why not? The painting was, to be sure, produced for mass consumption, a phenomenon that also attracts the "pop artists." The net results of Soviet Socialist Realism and American New Realism are often the same, though one school works tongue-in-cheek, the other for the glory of "the Party." Indeed, what stumps me is how incredibly bourgeois Soviet art has become. The country itself—huge, vigorous, powerful, enormously alive, full of contrasts and surprises—is far more exciting than the decorous, cheery illustrations that supposedly are faithful reflections of it. Too often, realism is confused with wishful thinking.

—*The Hermitage.*

Scythian gold panther, 6th century B.C.

As for Serov's vapid painting of 1954, *The Winter Palace Is Taken*, I was amazed to see that this potboiler had become a favorite model for copyists. One "hand-made" replica particularly caught my eye, a brightly colored copy by a Chinese Communist student. That young painters behind the Iron Curtain turn to such banal sources for inspiration is doubly astonishing when one thinks of the magnificent Rembrandts, Poussin, Cézanne, and Titians readily available in the Hermitage.

For me, the most interesting, albeit baffling, encounter of my trip took place in Moscow when I visited Pavel Korin, a seventy-one-year-old painter who two days later was to be awarded the Lenin Prize. A man of frail personal beauty and courtly manners, he lives in what is extreme luxury for a Russian today. Let me add that the only studios I was permitted to visit were, I am sure, equally atypical. Korin's home, however, was unique. Filled with fine antique furniture, baroque chandeliers, and a superb collection of rare icons, it seemed strangely out of tune with the middle-class Soviet materialism that now prevails.

Next door, in an immense studio, the artist showed me a series of larger than life-size portraits painted as preparatory sketches for a picture to have been called *Vanishing Russia*. These figures of forlorn ecclesiastics dramatized the tragedy of castoff men and women caught between two alien worlds. Relying chiefly on black, white, and grey, Korin invested his portraits with sober compassion and hypnotic fervor. The entire group was done between the late Twenties and the middle Thirties. It is noteworthy that Korin chose to show me only paintings produced more than a quarter-century ago, suggesting that he, like Deineka, felt freer before the Stalin era. It is also interesting that the final painting was never executed. There in the studio, as a perplexing reminder, stands the largest bare canvas I have ever seen. On this subject Korin was vague, but did mention that his great champion, Maxim Gorky, died in 1936. I surmise that without the writer's protection (at one time Gorky exercised considerable influence over Stalin) it would have been extremely hazardous for Korin to risk an important religious composition.

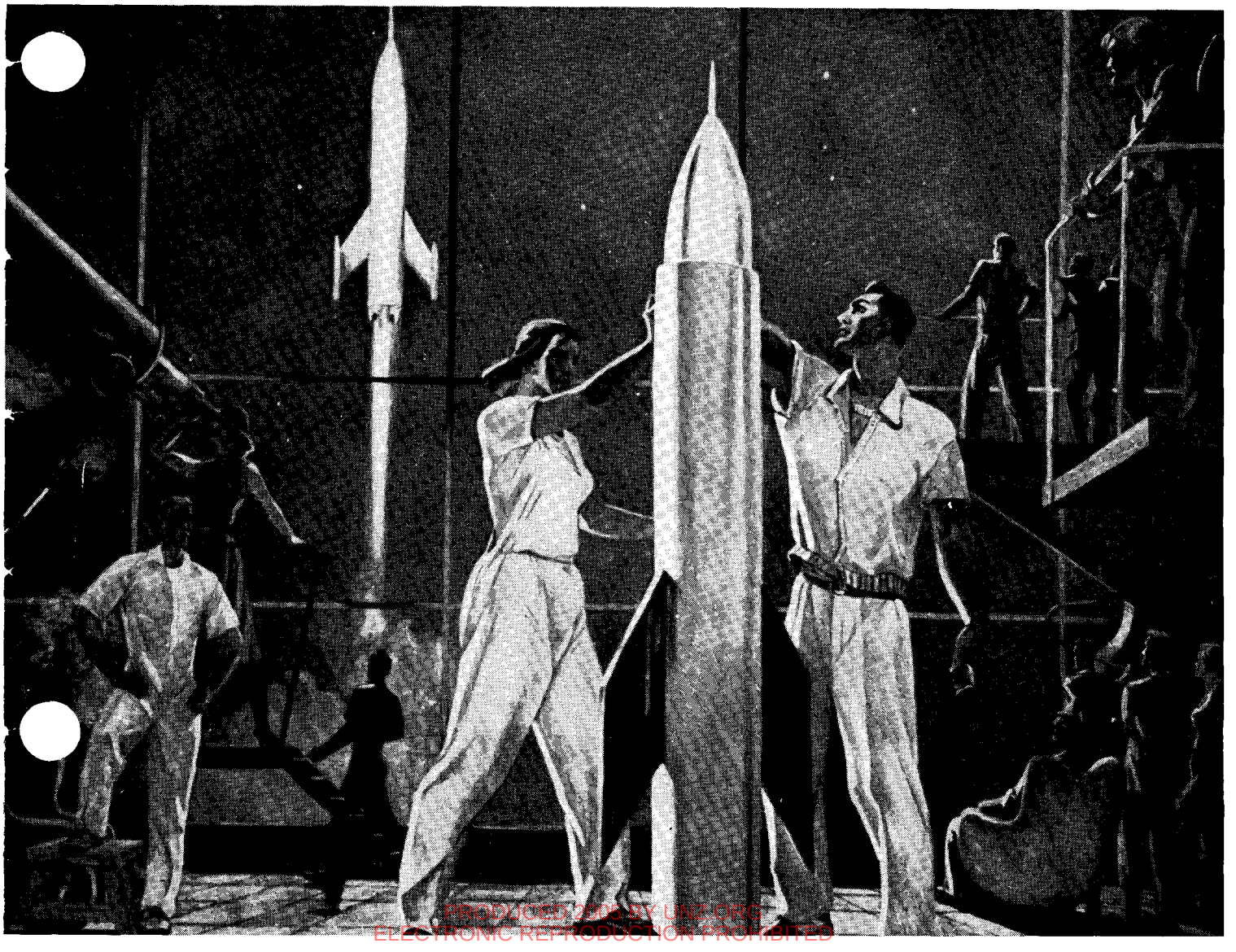
When I asked the painter which artists of the past he most admired, he listed Tintoretto, Velasquez, Goya, Michaelangelo, and Raphael. Then he stunned me by adding the Russian, Alexander Ivanov, as the top painter of the nineteenth century. Finding this man's work little better than a simpering imitation of Raphael, I countered with the name of Cézanne. He agreed that Cézanne was influential but regretted that he saw "in him the beginnings of the same disease that

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Right: Defense of Petrograd," by A. A. Deineka, 1928.

"I think it's pretty much a secret how an artist paints his picture—an equation of some unknown components. Every picture has its social background. I myself was a participant in the Civil War and some of the figures in this painting were portraits of real people I knew who also were fighting. I was especially interested in the siege of Petrograd because I was deeply impressed by the heroism of the people there. I myself fought in the south —but war is always war; there is more grief than joy. This particular painting was one of many depicting the Civil War. I made another series connected with the Second World War. War was our life—and it was only natural that an artist would depict it."—A. A. Deineka.

"Cosmos Explorers," by A. A. Deineka, 1961.



PRODUCED 2008 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"This is one of a large series of paintings I've been working on all my life. At the time I painted it I was living in the country, but my family was a family of revolutionaries and that is why this theme became my consuming interest. The background for the picture was taken directly from the Winter Palace, though the episode was invented but might have and possibly did take place. The painting shows a soldier and a worker resting after the palace was taken. My prime aim was to use a small episode to express a larger idea—an historic event."—Vladimir Serov.

"The Winter Palace Is Taken," by Vladimir Serov.

poisoned the artists who came after him." To identify these narrow words with Korin's erudition and with the cultivated environment he had created for himself was discouraging. I felt that nowhere in that vast country was it possible to find a point of mutual understanding. This sensitive man, far more than his aggressively dogmatic colleagues, made me realize how deep was the chasm between us.

The painter Laktionov received me in his temporary studio located at a surgical hospital where he was working on a portrait group of four distinguished doctors. With Serov, he represents the most rigidly conservative element in Soviet art. For him painting is above all an agile craft to be used for the good of the Party. Like Korin, he too considered a Russian artist, this time Repin, the greatest of all nineteenth-century painters. Moreover, only Rembrandt, he felt, had ever surpassed him. That a man as urbane as Laktionov could be so brazenly provincial (though Repin undeniably was an able artist) is almost unthinkable, but everywhere in the USSR I encountered this same regionalism. If the West gravely underestimates nineteenth-century Russian painting, opinion at home smugly elevates it to such heights as to obscure all traces of accepted history. Where American artists are concerned, most Russians know only Rockwell Kent. The Pushkin Museum of Western Art in Moscow includes no other painter from the United States.

Present-day sculpture in the Soviet Union struck me as even more depressing than painting. You simply cannot escape from it; in the Metro, on public buildings, in every city square the visitor is confronted by magnified Soviet heroes or Nazi-like athletic specimens. And everywhere one finds deified images of Lenin exhorting and activating the people. Soviet art preaches without end and, alas, without benefit of humor.

Mention of the omnipresent Lenin recalls an episode in Tbilisi where a People's Artist, whose studio I was visiting, evaded a question of mine by quoting Lenin on art. When I suggested that great political leaders are not necessarily valid esthetic arbiters, his face froze. He argued that every family must have a father whose word is final. That Russians expect to be told rather than to find out for themselves is hardly a new idea, but to what extent personal investigation has been sacrificed to prescribed directives is highlighted in their art. Soviet painters and sculptors become woefully tedious not because they are propagandists. So also were Goya, Daumier, and Posada, but these men worked from inner conviction to satisfy their own beliefs—never under orders from above. An unforgettable Russian film I saw in Kiev, called *The Third Time*, was frankly based on propaganda but went beyond indoctrination to become art. I felt that everyone connected with the production was emotionally involved. I only wish I could say as much for Soviet painting and sculpture.

If art in the USSR is a grim business these days, it has not been relegated to a back seat. Museums are jammed and well run, art schools have prodigious waiting lists, painters and sculptors are honored as top citizens provided they docilely follow the rules, and produc-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Three," by Pavel Korin—oil sketch for a painting never executed, to have been called "Vanishing Russia."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tivity (a word better suited to Soviet art than creativity) is prolific. Were it not for splendid museums and churches (most of the latter have been turned into museums), the average Russian would find himself esthetically starved. The enthusiastic attendance at museums, historical monuments, theatres, ballets, and concerts indicates an avid public hunger. In the museums one encounters hundreds of tours conducted by tireless docents; one sees adults and children pouring in and poring over works of art. I was repeatedly touched by the dedication of the curatorial staffs, often composed of highly experienced scholars.

Most art museums are equipped with research libraries, photographic studios, restoration departments, and, above all, extensive educational programs. Last year, the Tretyakov, a museum devoted to Russian art, organized more than 600 lectures in Moscow and throughout the country. The Russian Museum in Leningrad plans about fifteen temporary exhibitions annually, includes a staff of twenty-five working exclusively on educational programming, and has seventeen specialists in its restoration department (a considerably larger number than one would find in an equivalent American museum). The Pushkin Museum in Moscow offers serious adult students a two-year night course based on its permanent collection, the class consisting of lectures, seminars, and group discussions. This museum has also organized a "Young Art Lovers Club" for young people between thirteen and seventeen. These 400 youngsters are taken on art tours of Leningrad and Vladimir as well as to important local exhibitions in Moscow. In addition, the Pushkin provides studios for them and shows their work from time to time.

FOR me, the most indelible experience in the Soviet Union was the Hermitage. Situated on the banks of the Neva in Leningrad, a city of ineffable beauty, this fabulous storehouse of masterpieces has only one rival—the Louvre. In the Hermitage entire rooms are devoted to single masters—to Poussin, Rubens, Van Dyck, and Titian. As for Rembrandt, the array of his canvases is nothing less than staggering. One is dumbfounded by the inordinate buying habits of the Czars and especially of Catherine the Great. On the third floor, inherited from the famous Morosov and Shschukin collections, are gallery after gallery of magnificent Renoirs, Monets, Gauguins, Van Goghs, Matisses, and early Picassos. But here the sequence abruptly ends. As one staff member sadly observed, "What we're lacking is modern art. The last date of an important painting in the Hermitage is 1914." During its brief forty-five years, the Soviet government has chalked up an enviable record in art restoration, but its acquisition policy has been far less progressive. Whether this fifty-year gap in the collection can ever be filled is extremely doubtful.

The Hermitage, reputedly the world's largest art museum, stretches for blocks and employs about 1,000 people, among them 350 in the curatorial, restoration, and education departments. Last year's attendance figures topped 2,000,000. The evacuation of the museum during the recent war was a saga of poignant courage and admirable organization. Of the 1,750,000 art objects handled, practically nothing was damaged or lost. The first train, packed to the rafters with masterpieces, left Leningrad at the beginning of July 1941, the second at the end of the month. The third train never left; by that time the city was surrounded.

ART restoration in the Soviet Union is on an unprecedented scale. Specialists in the conservation of icons, frescoes, oil paintings, watercolors, and other media are provided with up-to-date equipment and are trained in advanced techniques. The Russians do not advocate wholesale cleaning and repainting, but adhere as closely as possible to the artist's original intention. I visited several restoration laboratories where I was shown written, photographic, and X-ray records evidencing careful research. The modern scientific achievements of these conservation studios contrast sharply with the outmoded techniques of the artists' studios. It would seem that wherever ideological content is not at stake, progress is possible.

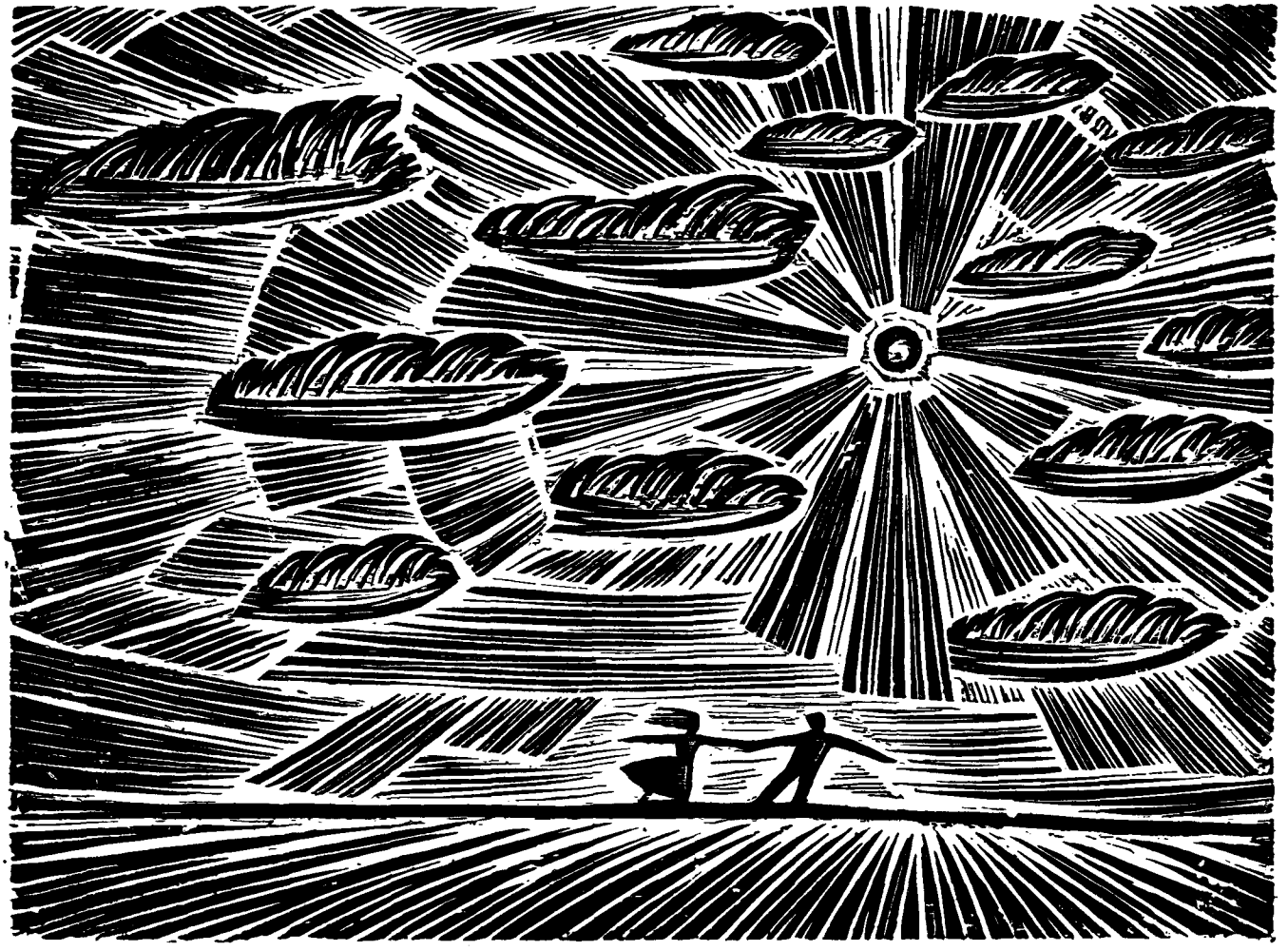
Architectural restoration is also impressive. In cities like Kiev and Leningrad, where outstanding historical monuments were decimated during the war, reconstruction is patient, painstaking, and thorough. The wondrous Byzantine frescoes of Kiev's Sancta Sophia, an eleventh-century church of austere beauty, are slowly coming back to life, as are the icons and frescoes in the churches of the Kremlin. One of the finest architectural restorations is taking place at Pavlovsk, some eighteen miles from Leningrad and only a mile or two from Rastrelli's renowned Ekaterinsky Palace at Pushkin. The latter, also under reconstruction, was conceived on such a colossal scale and with such heedless opulence as to make one question why the Revolution delayed so long. The summer palace at Pavlovsk, though smaller, is hardly a modest establishment. Built under Palladian influence for Catherine the Great's demented son Paul, it is being restored with meticulous care. Constantly, one senses modern Russia's preoccupation with her bloody and profligate past. These faithful reconstructions, along with the incomparable crown jewels in the Kremlin, act as living historical indictments.

If senseless excesses are an indictment of the Tsars, then we must hold the Communists responsible for sheer ugliness. No words can describe the miles of dreary barracks-like buildings that house the country's exploding urban population. Architectural design, as we know it, is nonexistent. The best of these tenements are inferior to our worst lower-income housing projects, but it is only fair to add that slums and ghettos, as we know them, are also nonexistent. Russia's urgent need for living space immediately after the war explains the lack of certain architectural refinements but not the unnecessary vulgarity that assails the eye at every turn. Except for the Palace of Congresses, new buildings fluctuate between Stalin's phoney neo-Gothic monstrosities that recall early "Balaban and Katz," and the unornamented, unrelieved, drab utilitarianism of more recent days. That the human soul can exist in such neat squalor is a tribute to its powers of resistance.

What makes the situation more distressing is the contrast between past and present. The dramatic sense of spacious grandeur that marks the Kremlin, the Trinity-Sergius Monastery at Zagorsk, and the whole of eighteenth-century Leningrad has been lost along with the idea of architecture as an expression of life. Even the handsome new Palace of Congresses, which by rights should have climaxed a long perspective, is squashed within the Kremlin walls.

At the Repin Institute in Leningrad, the country's largest art school, students of architecture enjoy greater freedom than their colleagues in the fine arts. On exhibition were one or two plans for contemporary public buildings that could have held their own in any international competition. Though theatre designs seemed less progressive, they still permitted some experimentation. A student from Vietnam was developing an ingenious revolving stage which, if not new in concept, was still a reflection of the current century. The same can scarcely be said of the fine arts curriculum. Here, life classes provide a thorough grounding in anatomy devoted teachers give unstintingly of themselves, but not the slightest hint of present-day thinking exists. The diploma students, so called because before graduating they must spend their entire sixth year on one final work of art, usually

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Morning," by Gibavicius—"an idea rather than a fact."

embark on ostentatious compositions that all seem stamped from identical molds. One young man was doing his diploma painting on the siege of Sevastopol; another was at work on a group of bouncing young athletes. This is about the spread—from Soviet history to idealized versions of Soviet life.

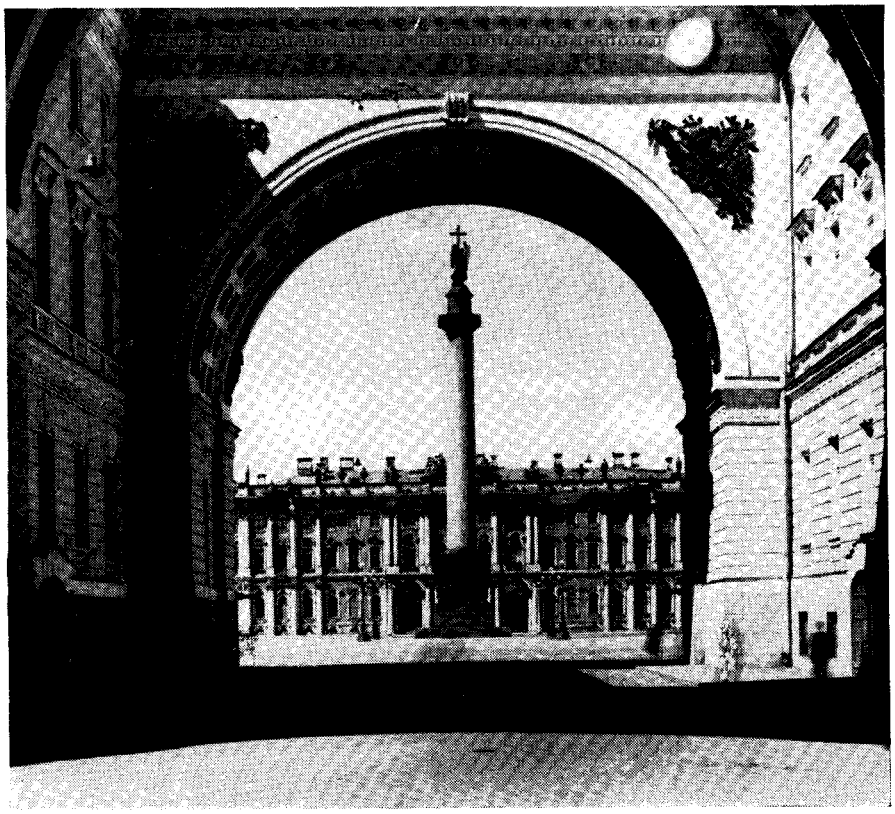
At the Leningrad Union of Soviet Artists, a group of paintings executed during the Nazi siege of the city was being shown again after twenty years. These anemic reports had captured none of the furious glory that marks those heroic days. Russian artists tend to describe war chauvinistically with romantic blow-by-blow accounts of national trials and victories. The West does it better. For us the horror of modern destruction is symbolized by a new visual language, a language of breakup and dematerialization that is anathema in the USSR, where peace is incongruously on every tongue but war is depicted as the ultimate achievement.

The director of the Stroganov Institute, an industrial art school in Moscow, told me that last year 6,000 students applied for 200 vacancies. To my amazement, he also said interior decorating was the most popular course, though I personally saw no evidence that this training was being put to use in a country where furniture design and room interiors were invariably graceless. In every school I visited, the relationship of art students and faculty reflected an easy camaraderie, a mature respect for each other. The warm interest most instructors show for their classes suggests that teaching is a proud profession in the USSR and not merely an economic stopgap for artists.

Like architecture, graphics and book illustrations are given a bit more leeway than painting and sculpture. In Tbilisi one Sunday afternoon I attended an art opening where speeches, television cameras, and a sizable crowd paid respect to a graphic exhibition from Lithuania. The children's books, inexpensive and charmingly illustrated, were the high point of the show, though not to be overlooked was the work of a young printmaker from Vilna who dared to express an idea

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Above, exterior of the new Kremlin Palace of Congresses; below, view of the Hermitage.



rather than a fact. His print, called *Morning*, was one of the few contemporary compositions I saw in Russia that substituted a spark of symbolism for straight illustration. In a country where man is commonly shown dominating nature, it was a pleasure to find two small figures so transported by the majesty of their surroundings that they turned into symbols of joy rather than "workers in the field." It seems strange that on canvas, symbolism becomes a sin, but in a puppet show it is not questioned. At the Obraztsov Puppet Theatre, a parody combined pungent symbols, rubber puppets, and live actors in a sophisticated take-off on the creation of the world. Unfortunately, none of this humor seems to have rubbed off on other kinds of modern folk art or craft. A brief tangle with thousands of May Day posters persuaded me that these prosaic illustrations were at best a century behind the times. So, too, were the tasteless ceramics and textiles I saw everywhere.

WHY the Russian people have never developed a visual tradition comparable to their literary one is a provocative question. Perhaps because the artists of this country have leaned heavily on literature, their work often seems better adapted to words than to paint. Ambivalence, too, about the outside world debilitated them. Turning to Byzantium, to Europe, to the East, native artists also periodically turned away from all foreign influences in the hope of finding themselves. Even the dazzling Scythian gold in the Hermitage shows evidence of Greece. No people ever imported their art more extensively than the Russians, or denied their neighbors more jealously.

Soviet artists have limited their sights chiefly to two native influences—to the fifteenth-century humanism of Russia's most celebrated icon painter, Rublev, and to nineteenth-century nationalism. In the latter they find an emphasis on realism, on dramatic gesture, and literal transcription of history that is close to their hearts. Indeed, the avowed ambition of present-day artists is to model themselves on their nineteenth-century predecessors. The tragedy is that as yet not one of them has caught up with the earlier men—with the variety, vitality, and sweeping imagination of Repin (who, by the way, was clearly influenced by French Impressionism), with the lyrical landscapes of Levitan, with the daring extravagance of Surikov, and, most noticeably, with the searching inventions of Vrubel. In a country where science and technology are geared to the future, art is stubbornly chained to the past.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Remember Me To What's His Name

By WILL STANTON

THE WORLD is so full of a number of things, as the poet puts it, that nobody can remember em all. My wife keeps telling me forgetfulness is a symptom of middle age; she says this whenever I can't recall some name or address. But after all, you meet a lot of people in the course of thirty or forty years and you can't be expected to remember the name of every Tom, Dick, and that other fellow.

As a matter of fact, my memory has always been sort of tricky. When I was a boy I thought of becoming a doctor but I could never remember whether you should feed a cold and starve a fever or the other way around. And that's the first thing a doctor ought to know.

On the other hand, I have the knack of remembering—or rather being unable to forget a considerable body of assorted knowledge. I know, for example, that one of the plurals of cherub is cherubim. These are a lot of small angels a couple of rungs down the ladder from seraphim. This is a piece of information a lot of people don't have, and yet it is surprisingly hard to work into a conversation.

I can tell you the difference between flotsam and jetsam, and give you the botanical name for the poppy—Eschscholtzia. However, there was an occasion not long ago when I didn't have a dictionary handy and I couldn't remember how to spell "ax." I tried it with the *e* and without the *e* and it looked pretty good either way. I wound up spelling it "ax" on the theory that if it turned out I was wrong at least I would be misspelling a three-letter word. I was afraid to take a chance on "axe" because if that should be wrong—well, for an educated person to misspell a two-letter word is rather humiliating. I have used the same principle with "ox" and it has worked out fine. Most of the other two-letter words I know are relatively easy.

One of the first things they taught us in the Army was what to do if taken prisoner. We were to give only name, date of birth, rank, and serial number. Of course, the name and birth date were easy and my rank never changed, so that was no problem. It was the serial number that threw me. I used to worry about this. I don't speak German or Japanese and I was sure I would never be able to convince an enemy intelligence officer that I wasn't trying to conceal something—that I just couldn't remember the damned number.

IT was hard enough for me to convince people on my own side that I had simply forgotten my number—officers, M.P.s, and so on. Until they got to know me they were pretty sure I was an impostor of some kind, although the reason anyone should want to impersonate an army private has always eluded me.

I would try to point out to them that the first qualification of a successful impostor is an excellent memory. Then they would usually point out that I was anything but a successful impostor. This left me with very little to say. You can't tell an M.P. captain that the plural of cherub is cherubim—not and have it mean anything.

Social functions are particularly trying for someone with a faulty memory. You can't enter into conversations with the same abandon if you aren't sure which are the host and hostess and who is married to whom. And it's disconcerting to be reminiscing with some young woman about a cozy interlude that occurred at a New Year's Eve party and then to discover that this isn't the same young woman at all—this is your daughter's Sunday-school teacher.

I don't usually tell jokes because I can never be sure I'll remember the punch line. But there was one time at a party when I recalled a joke that seemed to fit in very well with the topic of conversation. I noticed that the other guests had rather strained expressions as I was telling it—as if they were afraid I wouldn't remember it all. When I'd finished the story the laughter was unusually loud and prolonged. On the way home my wife remarked that she had been somewhat surprised to hear me tell the story. I said I was surprised, too, because I usually didn't remember stories. She said probably the reason I remembered this one was that our host had told it about fifteen minutes before I did.

Most people have on occasion forgotten to turn off the lights, or the water, or the car ignition. Oddly enough, none of these misfortunes has ever happened to me. But I did have one rather amusing mishap. I had bought a Japanese beetle trap and set it up in the corner of the yard. There

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weren't many beetles around at that moment and I wanted to see how fast it would catch them working at full capacity. So I put in plenty of bait and covered the top of the trap with cardboard so they couldn't get in until I was ready to start counting. Then I went in the house to give them a chance to gather. Just at that time some friends arrived and I didn't think about the beetles again until several hours later when a couple of my neighbors came pounding on the door.

The trap had been a splendid success, attracting beetles by the thousands from all over the neighborhood. They swarmed about the trap, trying to reach the bait and becoming more ravenous by the minute. Finally, maddened by hunger, they settled on my neighbor's rose bushes. Fortunately there was nothing in that section of our yard that they liked.

When I was in college the only really good grade I got was on a paper I wrote on *Romeo and Juliet*. "This paper has given the entire department pause," the professor had written on it. "We feel it represents some of the most original Shakespearean thinking of the past decade."

Well, it really wasn't as original as all that. I wrote it under the impression that Romeo was a Montague and Juliet a Capulet. Either that or the other way around—whichever was wrong. Starting with a false premise, I find, is not necessarily a handicap when doing a paper on Shakespeare.

Often I can remember part of a fact but not the whole thing. For example, I'm good at recalling people with three names like Alexander Graham Bell and John Wilkes Booth. But I can never be sure whether Bell invented the steam boat or the cotton gin. I know Booth was an actor but I can't think of what plays he was in.

John Paul Jones is famous for a remark he made, but I can never remember whether it was "Don't fire until you see what color their eyes are" or "Damn the torpedoes, full speed someplace."

I can remember the *Maine* all right, but I keep forgetting that place in Texas. I can name the planets in order according to their distance from the sun. I can also name, in order, all the tunnels on the Pennsylvania Turnpike. But I wake up in the middle of the night wondering: was *The Moldau* written by Smetana or was *The Smetana* written by Moldau?

There was a time when I had trouble remembering my wife's birthday. Then a friend who specializes in such things said the trick is association. So now all I have to remember is that her birthday is one week before Hallowe'en—whenever that is.

When Things Are Looking Up

By MARGARET BENNETT

NIBBLING olives at a State Department cocktail party, photographing Washington's cherry blossoms, watching Caroline ride her pony on the White House lawn, or cheering a motorcade of astronauts on Pennsylvania Avenue may be great fun. But to find out what really makes the Capital tick—and to see some of the most antic semantics around—the place to go, I'll bet, is the Library of Congress.

Next time I'm there, I want to tiptoe down the long corridor that leads to the Cataloging Division and find the door marked "Cross-Referencing Section." Then I want to press my ear to the crack and listen. I want to hear the common, everyday conversation of the cross-referencers. These are the people who decide what common, everyday terms you or I would be likely to look under to find a subject in the card catalogue. Using their list of terms, librarians throughout the country make those handy "see" reference cards (BABIES—see INFANTS) to put us on the right track. I've been watching these cards for a long time now in various libraries and noticing some of the common, everyday terms the cross-referencers think might be springing into our minds, and I've decided that their office conversation would be well worth listening to. It might go something like this:

LADY CROSS-REFERENCER: Dear me, unless I'm deceived by my PHYSIOLOGICAL ACOUSTICS (see HEARING), it sounds as if you are having another of your attacks of AUTUMNAL CATARRH (see HAY-FEVER).

GENTLEMAN CROSS-REFERENCER: Indeed, yes. If I'm not careful I'll wind up in one of the local BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS (see HOSPITALS). That would be disastrous, since not only do I loathe their INVALID COOKERY (see COOKERY FOR THE SICK), but they are so expensive that I would be forced to resort to MONTS-DE-PIETE (see PAWNBROKING) or ILLICIT COINING (see COUNTERFEITS AND COUNTERFEITING).

LADY CROSS-REFERENCER: Well, do try to ward off your ailment. The last time you were ill we had a dreadful substitute. She was very careless, leaving her dirty SKIN-PAPILLARY RIDGES (see FINGERPRINTS) all over the catalogue cards. She was also afflicted with excessive OBESITY (see CORPULENCE), and I even suspect that she used TINCTORIAL SUBSTANCES (see DYES AND DYEING) on her hair.

GENTLEMAN CROSS-REFERENCER: Don't be too hard on her. I hear she was involved in an unfortunate DISPARITY OF CULTS (see MARRIAGE, MIXED) which didn't work out.

LADY CROSS-REFERENCER: But still I do think you should try to improve your health. Do you practice any MANLY EXERCISES (see SPORTS) such as TIN-PINS (see BOWLING) or CHASE, THE (see HUNTING) or FOOT RACING (see RUNNING)?

GENTLEMAN CROSS-REFERENCER: I tried tennis once, but I fell and cracked my FONTANEL (see SKULL) on the BETON (see CONCRETE). I prefer ANIMAL BAITING (see BULLFIGHTING) or playing the HIPPOLOGY (see HORSES).

LADY CROSS-REFERENCER: Humph! That sort of thing doesn't do your HEALTH (see POSTURE) one bit of good.

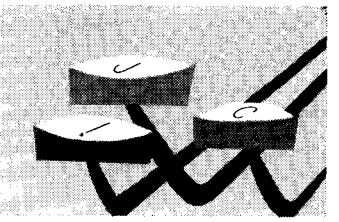
GENTLEMAN CROSS-REFERENCER: (Chuckling) Well, at least it keeps me from sitting around in ALEHOUSES (see HOTELS, TAVERNS, ETC.), indulging in numerous HEALTHS, DRINKING OF (see TOASTS).

LADY CROSS-REFERENCER: (blushing) Oh, you rascal. You're so full of FACETIAE (see WIT AND HUMOR). But, my, look at the clock. It's time for us to return to our respective HABITATIONS, HUMAN (see DWELLINGS). Let's be sure to leave a few GLOW LAMPS (see ELECTRIC LAMPS) burning to ward off BANDITTI (see BRIGANDS AND ROBBERS). Remember, "Night is the cloak of sinners."

I'm hoping I can make my trip to Washington right away, because with the old guard systematically being replaced by New Frontiersmen, who knows how long the golden age of cross-referencing will be with us?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Manner of Speaking



CIRCLES: The biographical approach to ideas—at least as the plodding literalist takes it—can be the readiest path to blindness. The assumption of the plodding literalist is the simple splendid error that the life of the reveries and of the imagination must correspond directly to the factual bones of a man's biography. Keats loved Fanny Braun. Keats wrote love poems. Therefore the love poems of John Keats are about Fanny Braun. To the plodding literalist such a chain of reasoning is self-evident.

There is, to be sure, a firm half-truth in such a one-to-one correspondence of things. Fanny Braun was certainly involved in whatever is happening in at least some of the love poems of Keats. It is the nature of the involvement that the literalist oversimplifies. Were the poems written as direct descriptions of Fanny Braun as Keats thought her to be? Were they written over her head to the conceptual Fanny Braun Keats yearned of finding within his actual Fanny Braun? Or were they written to the conceptual Eve that Keats wished he had instead of the makeshift Fanny Braun he had to settle for as the best he could do under the circumstances?

I am not at all sure what started this ramble around Keats and Fanny Braun. Perhaps it is part of my penalty for having gone back to school, if only to summer school. I have been teaching a course at the summer session of the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee (as distinct from the University of Wisconsin-Madison) and, as ever, I have been troubled by the hunger of students to simplify the connection between one thing and another. But I also find another thought teasing my mind, and I find that, like my students, I am tempted to say "because such and such happened, I am left with the thought that . . ."

The fact is I do not know what put the idea in my mind. Nor for that matter, is the idea any revolution in the history of Western thought. Yet it seems apt to our divided times, and, if only in that context, it seems worth a ramble of its own.

Simply stated, it is the idea that every man has two complete (or more or less complete) sets of emotions. The bigot is never a man completely given to hatred. He has a set of hatreds for the objects of his bigotry, but he also has a set of loves, if only for himself. Perhaps those ranges of emotion can be better stated as "for" and "against."

All of us draw something like a circle within which we include all the things we are for. On the other side of that more-or-less circle lie all those things we are against. We may be against them more or less actively. Or we may be against them by excluding them from our immediate sympathies. The point is that they are excluded.

All of us, moreover, must exclude something from our immediate sympathies. We cannot—or so at least we are tempted to believe—identify with everything. Shelley, for example, was moved to draw his circle of identification wide enough to include sheep. He has left us a number of impassioned passages inveighing against the heartlessness of men who slaughter the lamb that looks at them with trusting brown eyes. Shelley was prepared to identify passionately with the death of the lamb. He had, however, the good grace and the logical coherence to be a vegetarian. Let no man understand me as advocating cruelty to lambs. It happens, however, that I am very much "for" lamb chops. Since I know of no way of getting lamb chops except from a lamb, and since it seems in every way more humane to get them from a dead lamb rather than a living one, I am in favor of slaughtering lambs. To that extent, therefore, I exclude lambs from my circle of sympathies, though I retain enough sympathy for the beasts to wish their deaths to be painless.

Am I wrong in thinking that every man has to draw his circle somewhere? Holy men of the East have made it their vocation to make the circle all-inclusive, but their one remaining possibility upon achieving such all-inclusiveness has been to starve to death, for even the grain of wheat is a living thing. The mystery locked within it can make an inch of this earth beautiful, and the man who eats it destroys the possibility of that mystery. What man of the West, however, would pay such a price for the identification of his sympathies with all creation?

We are, moreover, a competitive society, and every competition is another way of drawing the circle. We put our teams in the middle of the stadium and the stands on one side of the field break into cheers when the stands on the other side groan with misery. And the same emotions can be applied to competitions that are life-and-death. The boys in the bombers cheered when a Japanese plane broke into flames and groaned when one of their own planes started to pour black smoke. And what man over the target of his own life and death is going to stop and think that what is burning inside either plane, whether friend or enemy, is a man like himself, a nervous system like his own, an agony to be wished upon no man in the context of our sympathies.

The bigot differs from the man of sympathies only in degree. Within his circle of identification the bigot feels as tenderly as any man can. It is not the lack of tender feelings that marks the bigot, but the nature of his exclusions. Like every man, he draws his circles protectively. What we put outside the circles of our sympathies is put there because we feel that it conflicts with what we put inside. I, for example, can feel a sympathy for the death of puppies that I cannot feel for the death of lambs, and the obvious reason is that I have been conditioned against any desire for puppy chops. Where there is no conflict no division is necessary.

I hope, however, that most of my exclusions are within the range of reason and revision, though it must be an arrogant man who dares assume that he has within him no preconditionings from sources deeper than reason and therefore beyond the revision of reason.

All of us, I must conclude, have the seeds of a possible bigotry within us. When we call another man a bigot, we mean that, in our view, his exclusions are too categorical. Most of us would call a man a bigot because he excludes for such reasons as religion, nationality, skin color, or peculiarities of pronunciation. Yet I must confess that the history of two world wars has conditioned me to a fundamental distrust of Germans, at least of German-Germans. But my wife's maiden name was Hostetter, and my own children are thereby partly German.

I am, in fact, left with no defense against the countercharges of the bigot except in the strength of my confusions. For the essence of the bigot's confusion is in his certainty. Hatred and certainty are the mother and father of this, our unloveliest child. To the extent that all of us fear something, and therefore incline to hate what we fear, there must be some trace of that fatherhood in all of us, our old Adam. But let our sympathies find their motherhood in a sense of things made supple by the grace of confessed uncertainty, and something like hope may yet walk on our clay feet. —JOHN CIARDI.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor: NORMAN COUSINS
Publisher: J. R. COMINSKY
Associate Editors: HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN, HORACE SUTTON

Associate Publisher
W. D. PATTERSON

Managing Editor
RICHARD L. TOBIN

Science Editor
JOHN LEAR

Poetry Editor
JOHN CIARDI

Education Editor
PAUL WOODRING

Production Manager
PEARL M. STEINHAUS

Book Review Editor
ROCHELLE GIRSON

General Editor
HALLOWELL BOWSER

Feature Editor
JAMES F. FIXX

Editors-at-Large
CLEVELAND AMORY
HARRISON BROWN
JOHN MASON BROWN
FRANK G. JENNINGS
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
T. S. MATTHEWS
WALTER MILLIS
ELMO ROPER
JOHN STEINBECK

Contributing Editors
HOLLIS ALPERT
ALICE DALGLIESH
HENRY HEWES
GRANVILLE HICKS
ARTHUR KNIGHT
KATHARINE KUH
MARTIN LEVIN
ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON
MARGARET R. WEISS
JOHN T. WINTERICH

The New Freedom

ONE OF mankind's most crucial freedoms—the freedom to wander the globe at will—is constantly being eroded by political restrictions and economic barriers. It is a freedom that does not exist in some lands and is under attack in others. In fact, complete freedom of travel is not now enjoyed by any people or nation, whether in the free world or elsewhere. It may, indeed, have existed in pure form only until the early nineteenth century, when men could traverse the globe without passports or visas. Yet an important opportunity will soon exist to make a formal affirmation of travel as one of man's inalienable rights.

That opportunity will occur on August 21 when the United Nations Conference on World Tourism opens in Rome. About 100 nations are expected to send delegations to this conference—the first ever to be held at full governmental level under the auspices of the United Nations; it will be, in reality, a global forum, with global opportunities and global implications. In such a forum the right to travel, to leave one's country and return, to visit other countries without hindrance, should be officially written into the charter of human freedoms.

What does a tourist have to do with freedom? Skeptics may shrug that a molehill is laboring over a mouse.

Quite the contrary. Too many of us are inclined to take the freedom to travel for granted, impressed as we often are by sheer numbers, by the 50,000,000 tourists who, bent on business, pleasure, or self-improvement, crossed national boundaries last year and spent $7.5 billion in the process, the largest single item in international trade. Yet this precious freedom has never officially been recognized as one of man's basic rights. ("Travel" refers here, of course, only to tourism and personal mobility, not to emigration.)

Today many men are not free to leave their country, to return, to go anywhere in the world, to take their money with them to spend as they wish or need. Such men are not truly free, and the conference in Rome should say so, bringing closer the day when the ideal of free travel will prevail everywhere, when no nation's border will be a prison or a wall.

Man's modern mobility, an increasingly creative force among nations for fostering foreign trade, cultural enrichment, and international understanding, must flourish not only because of technological innovations and economic progress, but because nations learn how vital to man's spirit and survival this precious freedom of movement is.

Travel may be restricted by any government, of course, in the national interest, even as freedom of speech or the press has been in wartime.

Today Japan rigorously controls foreign travel by her nationals to protect the *yen*. President Kennedy, confronted by this country's stubborn dollar gap, has just urged the U.S. Travel Service and other federal agencies to join with our private travel industry in a greatly stepped-up effort to persuade Americans to know the wonders of their own land better before going abroad.

We had a $1.4 billion travel deficit last year despite a substantial increase in foreign travel to this country.

It is a serious question whether it is a sound or equitable policy to single out tourism as a special item to be cut back in U.S. trade balances. Instead of negative, discriminative restraints we suggest that President Kennedy is on sounder ground when he urges an adequate $4.2 million budget for USTS so that this hard-working agency can stimulate a greater inflow of visitors from abroad. This is a creative policy of tourism as a two-way street for reciprocal trade development.

There are also unwise political restraints on travel in many lands. It is not a proud thing to see the United States impede the visits to this country of eminent scientists, philosophers, or intellectuals, even when invited to attend scholarly conferences here. Many have been forbidden entry because of alleged left-wing activities. The rights of American Communists to travel abroad have also been curtailed. This petty practice, even in the name of national security, does not become a great and powerful democracy.

The travel industry should oppose all curtains inhibiting the freedom of travel, whether made of bamboo, iron, gold, or red tape. Industry leaders should always insist that when governments restrict travel they are restricting a vital new human freedom.

As isolationism has become untenable, so parochialism has become intolerable. The freedom to travel, regardless of creed, color, race, or politics, must be affirmed and defended. It is worth hoping that the delegates gathered in Rome will speak up. Their words would have a significant impact in many lands, giving hope to millions and giving pause to those who think freedom of movement is a matter that can be left to nationalistic whim.

—WILLIAM D. PATTERSON.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CLASSIC COMMENT

I WAS PARTICULARLY interested in Horace Sutton's August 3 column, not only for its pictures of recent archeological discoveries from the ancient world but also for the comments that so relevantly related the famous Roman poet Ovid (Publius Ovidius Naso) to the city of his exile. However, I was distressed to see Trajan (98-117 A.D.) instead of Augustus (27 B.C.-14 A.D.) assigned as the Roman emperor who was responsible for Ovid's banishment from Rome in 9 A.D. Even more distressing was the assigning of Ovid himself to the eighth century. Ovid lived from 43 B.C. to 17 or 18 A.D.

JOHN E. REXINE,
Assistant Professor
of the Classics,
Colgate University.

Hamilton, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Cf. Terence: "There are vicissitudes in all things."*

DANGEROUS INTERSECTION

OVER THE PAST eighteen years there have been many arguments over the use of the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. It so happens that I have had some experience with certain aspects of those events. I landed in Nagasaki in September 1945, about a month after the bombing. The sweet smell of death still hung over the shattered remnants of the city. Skeletons lay about and the surrounding hills were scared brown. When I visited Hiroshima a few months later, that city was still a shambles. About two years later I was appointed by Secretary of Defense Forrestal to a committee charged with developing a civil defense plan for the United States.

I first spent a year in Japan examining and living with the results of an atomic bomb attack. Then I spent another year with a group that was analyzing the effects of bombing attacks and attempting to devise plans for the defense of the civilian population. In neither case was my role one of dealing with the moral issues, although those were explored.

During the years that have passed, there have been many attempts both to justify and to vilify the use of the atom bombs. The points raised are too many to enumerate. There is, however, one point I wish to emphasize that is often overlooked. It seems that we humans learn best by example rather than by reason. Anyone who has attempted to get a stop light installed at a dangerous intersection knows what I mean. Usually at least one person must be killed at that corner before official action will be taken.

At times even the example fails to impress us. I remember one civil defense committee meeting where the need for walkie-talkie radios was being discussed. Finally one high-level telephone company executive said in an exasperated tone, "Why waste all the money on walkie-talkies when there is a telephone on every corner?"

My rationale for the use of the A-bombs on Japan is not based on military strategy, political necessity, lives lost or saved, or the moral issues involved. The two cities destroyed by A-bombs might be likened to two deaths at a crossroad. Without them we would have to depend on our imaginations to picture the effects of an atomic attack on a city.

It is my sincere belief that the "horrible examples" which Hiroshima and Nagasaki furnished the world have helped save us from a truly disastrous atomic war. Had the A-bombs not been used then, the likelihood of their being used now would be greatly increased.

Only two A-bombs were needed to destroy two cities. The number of A-bombs needed to destroy two nations could also destroy life on this planet. If the lives lost in Hiroshima and Nagasaki have helped save the world from nuclear war, the sacrifice has served a purpose. The question is: Were those two examples enough to convince us of the need for atomic-war "stop lights"?

WELDON T. ELLIS.

Nashville, Tenn.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"The whole court is laughing at that joke you pulled on the king."

TALKERS AND LISTENERS

I BELIEVE FELLOW *SR* readers will be interested in a quotation from some recent remarks by Arthur K. Watson, President of IBM World Trade Corporation: "We've become the talkers at international meetings. We expect to be heard. We expect to be followed. The time has come when we also must become listeners—we must remind ourselves that the talker educates but the listener learns—and there is much to learn. . . . Part of understanding is to remember the Birminghams before criticizing the Bogotás."

NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

New York, N.Y.

TOP TEN (Continued)

PITY POOR DORIS BARTH! If she starts with the twenty books recommended in the August 3 issue, she will never read again. Since those were men's lists I am compelled to submit to her a woman's list:

Edwin O'Connor: *The Edge of Sadness*
Harper Lee: *To Kill a Mockingbird*
Morris L. West: *The Devil's Advocate*
Elizabeth Goudge: *The Dean's Watch*
Lawrence Durrell: *The Alexandria Quartet*
Howard Spring: *All the Day Long*
Howard Spring: *These Lovers Fled Away*
Howard Spring: *The Houses in Between*
Jerome Weidman: *The Sound of Bow Bells*
Mary Stewart: *The Ivy Tree*

MARGARET C. WHITLOW.

Pocatello, Idaho

IT'S HARD TO CHOOSE ten best or ten favorite novels over so irregular a period as 1953-63, and it's impossible to do so without some qualification. I'll try five Americans and five English, though if Vladimir Nabokov is technically an American I'd like to add his *Lolita*, that comedy so full of *Candide*-like improbabilities which reverses the Henry James theme of the innocent American being gulled by

(*Continued on page* 52)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY I WENT TO JAIL

By ARTHUR I. WASKOW

AT 11 o'clock on the morning of Sunday, July 7, I wrote the last paragraph of the last chapter of a scholarly study of a series of race riots that swept across the United States in 1919 [see "How to Avoid a Race Riot," SR, July 6]. At 5:30 that afternoon, I joined several men and women, white and Negro, to enter a Baltimore amusement park, Gwynn Oak, which had forbidden Negroes to attend.

By 5:40, I had for the first time in my life met the kind of hatred and the kind of police partiality that Negroes meet in less concentrated form almost from their birth. One of my companions had been badly hurt by a thrown rock, and all of us had been surrounded by a raging mob that, as I could recognize from my study of the 1919 riots, was whipping itself up to the point of assault and murder.

Then the police arrived—to arrest my friends and me as trespassers, but not to arrest any member of the mob. (That pattern, too, I recognized from the 1919 race riots. Almost every one of those riots was precipitated, in a situation already heavily charged with racial conflict, by an act of police favoritism toward whites, and against Negroes.) After that ten minutes, a sleepless night on cement floors in jail was an anticlimax. But it gave me time to start thinking about what I had experienced. I am still rethinking the whole business, but I have tried to set down here an "interim report" on my conculsions.

At bottom, I have been trying to clarify for myself why I left my research and writing to get arrested and whether I should have. Afterward, one of my friends wrote me that a scholar's brain is "too precious a national resource to be splashed on a ferris wheel." Is he right, or do moments come when only a scholar's willingness to splash his brains around can make his work and thought "authentic"?

Most of the reasons I felt compelled to go were not directly related to my research. What stirred me most was my own sense of belonging to Baltimore and Gwynn Oak Park. I was born and raised in Baltimore, and I had ridden the roller-coaster and played miniature golf and danced around the ballroom at Gwynn Oak. My high school—it was still segregated then—held a June Week dance there. How could I sit around now, when a moral issue I had abstractly noticed in high school had become a burning question throughout the country?

More especially, how could I sit around while people who had only an intellectual interest in Gwynn Oak were going off to be arrested? For two students I knew in Washington—one from Ann Arbor, one from Harvard—had already marched off to jail on July 4. The friends and buddies that psychologists report soldiers really fight for—not for "the country" or "the cause"—evidently are the reason many nonviolent "soldiers" fight, too.

There were two more intellectual reasons that I went. On July 4 I had—as I've made a comfortable habit of doing every year—reread the Declaration of Independence. Then one of the clergymen who had "trespassed" that day explained he did so to celebrate the Fourth, and I realized how absurd it was to celebrate a revolution for liberty by reading about it, instead of joining it. And finally, one of the conclusions I had reached about 1919 was that riots exploded because no one had invented what might be called nonviolent "equivalents" of rioting. Now one such equivalent had been invented: the walk-in, a loving trespass. Wasn't it my business to advance what my own research said needed advancing?

So I went. I went without violence,

Demonstration in Baltimore—Left, police apprehend a demonstrator at the segregated Gwynn Oak Amusement Park; right, Arthur I. Waskow (next to policeman), author of this article, is escorted through the mob with other demonstrators.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but not "nonviolently," in the inward Gandhian sense. When the mob surrounded us, we faced them with more fidity than love, more amazement than anger, and more curiosity than conscious courage. One of us had been badly cut by a thrown rock before the mob closed in, and our fear for her kept us from worrying about ourselves. Somebody in the mob yelled at us, "Yeah, you better look worried," and I remember wondering whether I really did. I also remember realizing that this mob was a great deal like some I had read about in my study of race riots, and that they were just at the pre-violence level. But my imagination was distant, remote, disconnected: I had no visual image of what would happen to me if they crossed the line into kicks and blows.

After the police had reached us and arrested us, I experienced the most vivid reinforcement of my sense of "belonging" to Baltimore and Gwynn Oak. Our march to the paddy wagon brought us past some of the same cotton candy stands and thrill rides that I could remember from fifteen years ago. I had a terrible flash of double vision; the same scene felt utterly different in this different emotional context, and yet I fully and physically realized it *was* the same scene. I felt utterly pierced by the knowledge that this was my Baltimore, the mob my fellow Baltimoreans, showing me hatred that I had never had to face, but that Baltimore Negroes must have faced for all their lives. This moment of double vision validated for me everything I had done. In some ways, it validated not only my act of protest but my decision five years ago to study race riots, and my decision last year to complete that study after several years away from it spent in analyzing problems of defense and disarmament.

But it has taken me several weeks to absorb even partially what this validation meant, and to work out what I had learned from it and from the whole confrontation at Gwynn Oak. For one thing, I gained an unexpected extra dividend in that whatever I think or write about conflict and violence will now have something new behind it: a feeling for what combat (armed or unarmed) is like, with its confusions of command and control (we got lost three times in looking for the back entrance to Gwynn Oak), its commitments to personal friends rather than "the cause," its suppression of both felt fear and felt courage in a kind of temporary "distancing." For another thing, I had taken into my guts what I had previously spun out only in my brain: that men were capable of sustained, focused hatred.

Still, these learnings did not answer the basic question: if I feel that scholarship and writing are important tasks for me to keep on with (and I do), what place should somthing like civil disobedience have in my life? Scientists get exempted from the military draft; should intellectuals be exempted from protest movements? I can't see why. Temporary deferments, maybe; probably James Baldwin was more effective through *The Fire Next Time* than he would have been as one more body on the Freedom Ride. But, ultimately, it is dishonest to urge without undertaking, and impossible to understand without acting. In fact, the more cool and scholarly the intellectual side of one man's effort, the more necessary perhaps that the political side be hot and involved. Otherwise his books may well be a lot dryer and dustier inside than out, himself dryer than either, and his analyses a vague and useless guide to antiquarians.

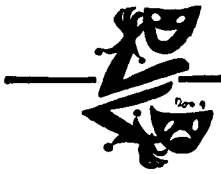
Of course this does not mean the intellectual needs to be in jail all the time. What was most important to me about protesting at Gwynn Oak was that it grew out of what I had been, and done, and written, not just out of the newspaper headlines. I was prepared to go back to Gwynn Oak, but the management, under pressure of the demonstrations, agreed to integrate the park. With that issue, in which my life had been deeply involved, settled, I scarcely expect to be on the picket lines every Sunday. But where an event reaches out to touch my life again as this one did, I do not think I will be able to stay at my desk.

Among Cypresses

By Guy A. Cardwell

WHEN I was born my mother was very ill—
the other mother lived in a cabin near the river.
I knew her breasts, strongs hips, her gait, her voice,
and her son brought me cane to suck and, to admire it, a seed;
he was my slave, and we hunted by night, and we played in the sun.
Then my father gave me an amulet to make me the great one—
wise, powerful before all others; so my slave became evil,
jealous of me for reasons unknown and secret, showed truly a wicked face.
I cherished my gris-gris and trusted it and feared the devil.
You are not to precede me but follow, I told him, and he bowed,
for my father is a lordly man, with plantations on the Ogeechee, the Santee,
the Edisto, the Cumbahee—all, I added thickly, affluents of the Niger.
A witch in him gave an owl's horned wail; so I cried
that my father planted indigo, rice, cotton, and he said the same,
that my name was Rutledge, Pinckney, Manigault, Calhoun, Huger,
and he, the wily one, mocked me and said the same, so I lied:
my name is Ogula and my father a king in the place called Libreville,
but he smiled, and he said the same. The privilege, he begged,
of loving me! and I consulted my ngalo, and my ngalo agreed
that the situation was not to be borne. Our mother wept,
but I put ukuku on him and hushed him. Next he crept
about making an ebābi, a philtre, potent with hair,
fingernails, catamenial objects, rotted brains
wetted with urine; and the owl called, and I feared that his power was great.
He followed in my steps, my hair tangled, and he deserved death;
so I made a strong fetish against him, and when he died
I hung him on a thorn tree, but his spirit awoke
and he laughed. Then I sliced off his privates and burned his flesh,
but the ibambo stayed, for I hadn't killed him with essential hate;
so I sank him in swamp water, deep between the legs
of cypresses. Still he smiled, and he spoke:
friend, he said, unbearably, and I struck him and took his breath;
brother, he smiled, and furious I scattered the fish
to scream in the mazy waters where our teeth shown white,
mbolo! stranger! strange in life, in water, in air.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Opening Up the Open Stage

MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL.

THE ultimate challenge proponents of the open stage will have to meet is how to make modern plays as effective on it as they were on the stages for which they were originally written. The third and fourth productions of this first repertory season run the new Tyrone Guthrie Theatre smack into this problem.

Chekhov's *The Three Sisters* is being played here on a large platform crammed with furniture and viewed on three sides by a mass of spectators who are as aware of audience response to the action before them as they are of the play itself. Director Guthrie has taken his first plunge into open-stage Chekhov with a forthright boldness but with a complete avoidance of the sort of theatrical stunting he sometimes uses to shake up Shakespeare's too familiar works. Sure-handedly, he presents the beautifully constructed symphony of provincial desperations as deeply serious to the participants but somewhat comic to outsiders. Only after we have laughed do we perhaps realize that their silliness is not without correspondence to our own.

While the style of performance is not yet uniform, the apparent intention is toward a sharply delineated extroversion supported by an inner awareness that the inadequacy of action intensifies each character's dissatisfaction with his ineffectuality. Most memorable is Claude Woolman's ebullient Tusenbach, who entertains us enormously as he repeats himself with an enthusiasm that grows in inverse proportion to his diminishing inner conviction. The marvelous, grotesque quality of Mr. Woolman's performance is sustained in his final scene, in which he seems to suggest the rather romantic notion that Tusenbach allowed himself to be killed in a duel in order to release his fiancée from marriage to a man she liked and respected but with whom she could never be in love. Rita Gam's Masha becomes a touching portrait of an unhappily married woman who falls in love with an unhappily married man. And again the frustrations of this unconsummated affair lead to a romantic final parting. As the object of her love, Robert Pastene achieves one very funny moment when he replies to Tusenbach's gauche overstatement with a telling "Yes."

Sir Tyrone's company must be commended for moving through Chekhov's universe so efficiently and for making *The Three Sisters* entertaining a meaningful to fresh audiences. Wh one suspects that a more perfectly selected cast might achieve a more "Chekhovian" result on this stage, it might well prove less popular than the present production, which is the finest of the adventurous Minnesota Theatre Company's opening season efforts.

A MORE difficult test for the open stage is provided by Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman.* For not only is this play written in short scenes that take place at tables and desks and with modern appurtenances, but it is also a play that requires a constant surrounding pressure from its big-city environs. Douglas Campbell's staging has not solved these problems appreciably. It has simply gone ahead as if they didn't matter.

However, the presentation is interesting for another reason. Willy Loman is played here by Hume Cronyn, a versatile character actor whose physical size is markedly less than that of the role's creator, Lee J. Cobb. As a result, the temptation to regard the play as a tragedy is eliminated. Mr. Cronyn's Willy emerges as a neuro+' little man who never was much gc as a salesman, and whose suicide a. the end is simply one more self-deluded act. Indeed, one is amazed to find how much of the play strikes everyone here as very funny. And although Jessica Tandy is occasionally moving as Willy's understanding wife, she often seems a bit too consciously refined for the role.

It is reported that Mr. Miller originally wrote the play with Willy described as "a little squirt," and that it was later changed to suit Mr. Cobb's larger stature. On the basis of this revival, it would seem probable that *Death of a Salesman*'s exalted position in the American theatre owes a great deal to the playwright's decision to revise his original concept.

While the application of tough critical standards to this first Minnesota Theatre Company season may make the results here seem disappointing to those who quite illogically expected instant greatness, they do constitute a reasonably good and locally popular beginning to a project that should take several years to find its own character. Moreover, the two revivals of modern plays on this special kind stage would seem to indicate the ne. for modern playwrights to revise their plays for open-stage performances, and to attempt new works with the as yet unwritten laws of this stage in mind.

—HENRY HEWES.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TITULAR DOUBLETONS

Each of the following authors wrote two novels (or plays or whatever) in which the pattern titles were similar. Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, supplies one title in each instance; she asks you to supply the other. Missing links hook up on page 52.

1. HERMAN WOUK: Woman's full name as title: "Marjorie Morningstar."
2. ARNOLD BENNETT: "Five Towns" in title: "Anna of the Five Towns."
3. SIR WALTER SCOTT: Man's full name as title: "Guy Mannering."
4. JOHN O'HARA: Cardinal number in title: "Ten North Frederick."
5. SHEILA KAYE-SMITH: Woman's full name as title: "Susan Spray."
6. ERSKINE CALDWELL: Name of small town in title: "Episode in Palmetto."
7. I. A. R. WYLIE: Man's Christian name in title: "Prelude to Richard."
8. JOHN MASEFIELD: Man's full name as title: "Jim Davis."
9. EUGENE O'NEILL: "Moon" in play title: "The Moon of the Caribees."
10. FLOYD DELL: Woman's full name as title: "Diana Stair."
11. GARLAND ROARK: "Wind" in title: "Fair Wind to Java."
12. RUMER GODDEN: Birds named in title: "Kingfishers Catch Fire."
13. SINCLAIR LEWIS: Woman's full name as title: "Bethel Merriday."
14. HONORE DE BALZAC: "Cousin" in title: "Cousin Bette."
15. CHARLES DICKENS. "The life and adventures of": "The Life and adventures of Nicholas Nickleby."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Through a Screen, Darkly

LUCHINO VISCONTI, a rich, titled, and elegant Italian director, has made Giuseppe di Lampedusa's novel *The Leopard* into a sumptuously handsome film. I doubt very much that the screen has ever before shown us as much in magnificence of decor, compositional detail aimed at recreating an atmosphere of the past, and a sense of style and taste that is eminently satisfying in itelf. This is probably the main reason that *The Leopard* earned a Grand Prize at the recent Cannes Film Festival. But, the problems of international film production being what they are, American audiences won't be having exactly the same screen experience as those who viewed the film at Cannes. For one thing, it has been trimmed a bit in size, even though nearly three hours of the original remain; for another, the sound track has been dubbed into English.

It was intended from the very beginning of the project that separate Italian and English sound tracks be [illegible], a matter agreed to by Visconti [illegible] his producer Goffredo Lombardo [illegible]n Burt Lancaster was approached to play the Sicilian prince, Don Fabrizio Salina, and 20th Century-Fox put up a considerable portion of the cash required for the expensive undertaking. Dubbing is an old story to the Italians, and presumably Italian audiences are quite willing to accept Burt Lancaster speaking their language in the most cultivated, elegant tones. Perhaps the Italians are better at dubbing techniques than we are. But I, for one, found the English sound track jarring and ultimately distracting, an unfortunate accompaniment to a film that might otherwise have been entirely absorbing.

There are those who have maintained (Bosley Crowther, of the *New York Times*, among them) that dubbing is the best answer to the problems of communication presented by the foreign-language film. I don't agree with this point of view, but I can also see that subtitles spread across a large CinemaScope screen using color of unusual subtlety would not have done justice to *The Leopard* either. The problems presented by either alternative are vexing in this case.

Either expense nor care was spared to make a dubbed sound track for *The Leopard*. Lancaster volunteered his services for weeks on end, excellent actors were hired to voice the speeches that would tie in with the lip movements of Paolo Stoppa, Romolo Valli, Claudia Cardinale, and Alain Delon. In Delon's case, it was not his but someone else's voice that was on the Italian track. In other words, this was supposed to represent the best dubbing job yet done. But, for a movie of this subtle a nature, the nuances count for a great deal, and it is the nuances that are missing. Sound in a film is a tricky matter, for a voice is not merely a voice, but also an expression of a personality, and for film a voice also embodies the aural atmosphere of a particular place and time of recording. If the exactitude called for is missing, something is wrong with what comes from the screen.

WHEN people speak in *The Leopard* it seems false. (We can except Lancaster, whose voice is familiar to us.) But the voice of Romolo Valli is clearly the voice of Kurt Kaszner, a well-known actor. And the other voices are the voices of imitators. I go into this because it seems a shame to me that *The Leopard* is handicapped here to such a degree. The measured unfolding of the story of a proud nobleman facing a transition in his country which will mean the end of his privileged class has the quality of a continually changing series of exquisite frescoes. The actors are wonderful, even if their voices seem wrong, and now too close, and sometimes too muffled and too distant.

There is a magnificent ball in a Palermo palace that gives one the sense of actually being in attendance. It is composed in visual cadences, and through it all wanders the still proud prince, who knows that his time is over. Visually, the film is a triumph. But there are levels on which it fails to communicate, levels that are undoubtedly present in the Italian version. An effort is required from us to sense all that Visconti has lovingly fashioned—nothing less than a marvelously faithful rendering of the very quality of a fine novel.

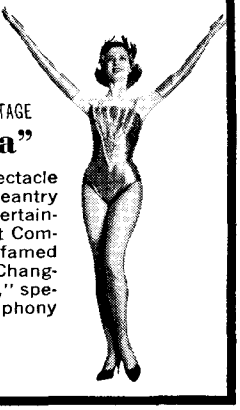
But in search of wider audiences for a movie that required so steep a financial outlay something has been sacrificed. The sacrifice was made at the beginning, not the end. Dubbing may work where Steve Reeves and *Hercules* are concerned, but where this much artistry is involved it very obviously does not. *The Leopard* is a sad lesson to those who advocate its use.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

Showplace of the Nation
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center Plaza 7-3100

DORIS DAY
JAMES GARNER
The Thrill Of it All!

Co-starring
ARLENE FRANCIS
with EDWARD ANDREWS · ELLIOTT REID
REGINALD OWEN · ZASU PITTS
and Guest Star CARL REINER
Produced by Ross Hunter & Martin Melcher.
Directed by Norman Jewison.
A Universal Release in Eastman COLOR



ON THE GREAT STAGE
"Europa"
International spectacle of colorful pageantry and exciting entertainment with Ballet Company, soloists, famed Rockettes in "Changing of the Guard," specialty acts, Symphony Orchestra.

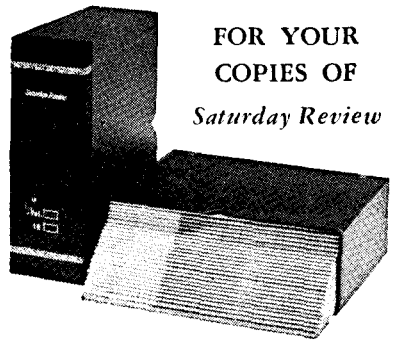
William Golding's Shocking Best-Selling Novel Now On The Screen!

LORD OF THE FLIES
A WALTER READE-STERLING RELEASE

LOEW'S TOWER EAST
72nd St. & 3rd Ave., TR 9-1313

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HANDY FILE



FOR YOUR COPIES OF *Saturday Review*

- Keep SATURDAY REVIEW issues neat, clean, in order
- With washable leatherette cover and 16-carat gold leaf lettering designed especially for SR
- Holds 26 copies

$2.50 each, postpaid
(3 for $7.00, or 6 for $13.00)

Money back if not completely satisfied
ORDER DIRECT FROM:

JESSE JONES BOX CORP.
DEPT. SR • BOX 5120
PHILADELPHIA 41, PA.

Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

UNITED WORLD FEDERALISTS is the ONLY nationwide organization working exclusively for WORLD PEACE through WORLD LAW

If you want to know more:

UNITED WORLD FEDERALISTS, INC.
1321 Fourteenth St., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20005

I WANT TO KNOW MORE about U.W.F. and World Peace through World Law.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

Transistorized Miss...

IT WAS unfortunate that the first announcement of the United Presbyterian Church's venture into radio jingles came from Stan Freberg's Hollywood headquarters. Mr. Freberg, according to press reports, earns $500,000 a year for turning out "goofy, spoofy" chow mein commercials, tomato-paste spots, and other zany, offbeat messages for sponsors. The highly successful radio-TV salesman, the son of a retired Baptist minister, apparently undertook the United Presbyterian radio commission with proper seriousness, but the jingles proved a bit too much for many of the tradition-minded Presbyterians who contribute financially to the radio-TV ministry of their denomination. They fired off irate protests to their broadcasting officials, objecting to the use of their money for "foolish, grotesque, and downgrading radio communications."

Their reaction might have been no less violent had the news first been released by their own church representatives, but the story would at least have been set in context. The Reverend Charles Brackbill, director of the Presbyterian broadcast ministry, would have welcomed a judgment of the jingle experiment on its merits—after the spots had been listened to and after the reasoning behind them had been explained. Three pilot jingles were to be tested on WIL, an independent radio station in St. Louis whose disc jockeys regularly grind out tunes particularly appealing to a teen-age audience. Each test spot runs less than a minute and was to be played forty to fifty times in a saturation campaign during successive two-week periods. Because the youngsters in the transistorized adolescent world, it is assumed, simply will not listen to any traditional church broadcasting, the plan was to fit the church jingles inobtrusively into the WIL schedule. The church officials believe listeners have a stuffy, old-fashioned, unrealistic image of the modern church. According to the strategy of Stan Freberg, there is only one way to reach them—"the espionage approach." One must "sneak up on them," disarm them, capture their attention quietly and conversationally, with words and music that are humorous but not zany. The objective is to stop them momentarily, to confront the broadcasting Establishment's value system of money, success, and the pleasure principle; to offer listeners another option and challenge them on a deeper level—perhaps doing nothing more than raising the "big questions."

Church broadcasters are not overburdened with production funds, and already the experiment has cost $10,000 (even though the composer waived his fee and the St. Louis radio station is not charging for the first test). During the six-week run the Presbyterians hope to do a modest amount of research in order to check, if not on impact, at least on listener "awareness" and retention of the jingles. If the results appear favorable, the experimenters would like to expand the campaign to a national basis, perhaps with the cooperation of other denominations in the National Council of Churches. They hope, too, to integrate the radio spots with newspaper ads, door-to-door campaigns, individual follow-ups, and special services for listeners.

But first, of course, they must be heard, and the Freberg experiment is the most recent of many efforts [illegible] many denominations to solve the [illegible] cult problem of getting the relig[illegible] signal through to ears that are deaf to sermons. The sneak strategy in the first spot, for example, is a sort of Bert-and-Harry dialogue illuminating the tenuous job security of a company vice president whose name is only penciled in on his calling card. This is followed by the jingle itself, presented by thirty musicians and fifteen singers: "Doesn't it get a little lonely sometimes, out on that limb without Him? Why try and go it alone? The blessings you lose may be your own."

There was some indecision among the churchmen before the air test over whether or not to have a voice say at the end: "This message has been brought to you by the United Presbyterian Church." The composer felt it was necessary for the "reality" of the spot, but some church people felt it might jeopardize the church's "institutional dignity" and might diminish future possibilities for cooperation with other denominations. But it isn't the lines that really worry many of the brethren, or even their identification with the Presbyterians. It's that jingle that jangles—that symbol of the [illegible] tainment Establishment. But the [illegible] of broadcasting life are hard, and it may be relevant to recall that primitive Christianity never conquered Rome with "institutional dignity."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

37 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "Stick Your Neck Out," by Mordecai Richler
38 The Consumers Union Report on Smoking and the Public Interest, by Ruth and Edward Brecher, Arthur Herzog, Walter Goodman, and Gerald Walker
40 The Abolition of War, by Walter Millis and James Real; Nuclear Ambush: The Test-Ban Trap, by Earl H. Voss
41 The Rise of the West: A History of the Human Community, by William H. McNeill
42 The Americans: A New History of the People of the United States, by Oscar Handlin
44 Pick of the Paperbacks
46 The World Is a Wedding, by Bernard Kops
46 Gaily, Gaily, by Ben Hecht
47 Sweetly Sings the Donkey, by Shelagh Delaney
48 Rags of Glory, by Stuart Cloete
49 Joy in the Morning, by Betty Smith
49 Textures of Life, by Hortense Calisher
50 SR's Check List of Current Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

The Adaptation of Atuk

MORDECAI RICHLER is a young Canadian writer (*SR*, Oct. 24, 1959) who had published four novels before he was thirty, all of them dealing in one way or another with the problem of values in our time. The fourth and most ambitious, *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*, is a story of Jewish life in Montreal and a brilliant character study. Now, in *Stick Your Neck Out* (Simon & Schuster, $3.95), Richler has attempted a kind of all-inclusive satire of Canadian culture and, in a general way, of the culture of the whole Western world.

His basic idea is amusing enough. An Eskimo named Atuk is befriended and taught the English language by Sergeant Jock Wilson of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. He begins writing poetry, and the poetry comes to the attention of Rory Peel, "the brightest young advertising man in Toronto," who sees a chance to use it for the advantage of the Twentyman Fur Company, one of his clients. The poems appear in a series of advertisements and then are published in a book, which makes Atuk famous. Brought to Toronto for a literary party, he is so impressed by what he sees that he refuses to return to Baffin Bay.

Atuk may be a primitive, but he is not an innocent. He adapts himself readily to the ways of white people, proving as resourceful and as unscrupulous as any of his new acquaintances. He even imports several members of his family to make Eskimo sculpture for him to sell at a tremendous profit. (He keeps them locked up in a cellar, and treats them like slaves, rewarding them with glimpses of television, which he convinces them is his personal magic.)

As a celebrity himself, Atuk of course meets many other celebrities, and a strange lot they are. At the outset he is befriended by Norman Gore, a college professor and a kind of professional liberal. He has an affair with Bette Nolan, a champion long-distance swimmer and Canada's darling. He becomes acquainted with Jean-Paul McEwen, who has made herself an influential columnist by her reputation for fearlessness, and with Seymour Bone, drama critic and television personality, whose reputation rests on his rudeness. Behind them all is Buck Twentyman, rich and powerful and constantly becoming more so.

Richler lets his satire range freely. Advertising, public relations, journalism, and television are principal targets, for Richler is trying to portray the phony world that publicity has created and the fraudulent characters with whom that world is populated. He describes, for example, the grim circumstances of the long-distance swim that brought fame to Bette Nolan. Canadian nationalism is ridiculed, along with many other "isms," including anti-Semitism and anti-anti-Semitism. The liberals fare no better than anyone else. Here, for example, is Norman Gore: "Indeed, the professor adored Jews and Negroes so much that he felt put out when they exhibited human traits. If a Jew cheated on his income tax, for instance, or a Negro wore flashy clothes, Gore felt personally affronted. They ought not, he thought, to do that to him and other liberals after they had tried so hard to be helpful." Richler pokes fun at the foibles of men of religion, impartially ridiculing a rabbi, a priest, and a Protestant minister. There is a savage little episode involving a bomb shelter, and there is a sardonic passage about adult education.

Often enough satire becomes farce. Sergeant Jock Wilson is called back to Toronto and assigned the task of seeking out subversives, for which duty, for no good reason that I can see, he is disguised as a woman. At this very time Jean-Paul McEwen, the fearless columnist, begins to frequent the parks disguised as a man, she also to ferret out disloyal persons. Of course they meet, and each becomes convinced that the other is a Communist; but at the same time they fall in love, both aghast at what seems to be a homosexual infatuation. Their various conflicts are eventually resolved, but not before the sergeant has won a beauty contest.

The question that has to be asked is whether satire so extravagant can be truly effective. The ending, which I shall not reveal, is so bizarre and, if

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one takes it at all seriously, so barbarous that it goes beyond the bounds of legitimate satire.

In some ways *Stick Your Neck Out* reminds me of Joseph Heller's *Catch-22* (*SR*, Oct. 14, 1961). Many persons have found *Catch-22* extremely amusing and pointed, and so in part it is; but I felt that the book lost power midway and became repetitious and hard to take. "Heller," I wrote, "has introduced so many characters, tried to deliver so many knockout blows, and written in such a variety of styles that the reader becomes a little dizzy."

But perhaps we should think of both *Catch-22* and *Stick Your Neck Out* not primarily as satires but as novels of the absurd. In reviewing Thomas Berger's *Reinhart in Love* (*SR*, April 14, 1962) I tried to define my terms: "The novel of the absurd can be distinguished from both satire and fantasy. Satire implies the existence of some sort of norm, and if there is a norm, life is not essentially absurd, though there may be large elements of absurdity in it. . . . Fantasy can be used to call attention to absurdity, as in Ionesco's play, *Rhinoceros*; but fantasy is not necessarily absurd, and the novel of the absurd, as *Reinhart in Love* demonstrates, is not necessarily fantastic. . . . Berger leaves you with the conviction that this is the way life is, and if this is the way life is, life is absurd."

There are more and more examples of the novel of the absurd. One that I have just read is *V.*, by Thomas Pynchon, which was published last spring and was reviewed in *SR* by Ihab Hassan (March 23). "A striking new talent," Hassan wrote, "a crazy vision, have gone into the making of *V.*" The talent is obvious enough: although there are some dull stretches in the book, there are many passages—for one example, the account of the siege of Malta—that are extremely brilliant. Indeed, the stylistic versatility and inventiveness suggest that this is potentially a first-rate writer. As for the vision, Hassan puts it: "The whole novel gives an impression of studied confusion, a mood that expresses both the futility and vitality of human life."

Perhaps the trouble with *Stick Your Neck Out* is that it falls somewhere between satire and the novel of the absurd. As satire it bears down heavily on the obvious: after all, nobody capable of reading a book can be unaware of the ridiculousness of much that goes on on television. But when Richler tries to get away from the obvious, he is likely to resort to what is simply implausible instead of dealing with the truly absurd.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

BOOKS IN THE NEWS

Cancer Links in Chain Smoking

The Consumers Union Report on Smoking and the Public Interest, *by Ruth and Edward Brecher, Arthur Herzog, Walter Goodman, Gerald Walker, and the editors of Consumer Reports (Consumers Union of U.S., dist. by Simon & Schuster. 222 pp. $3.50), outlines a seven-point program for combatting a major health problem. William G. Cahan, M.D., associate attending surgeon, Thoracic Surgical Service at Memorial Hospital for Cancer and Allied Diseases, is assistant professor of clinical surgery at Cornell University Medical College.*

By WILLIAM G. CAHAN

FROM the first tentative puffs by Columbus's men to the present deep-down, deleterious drags, the use of tobacco has been wreathed in controversy. For centuries the denunciations were predominantly moral in tone, since the righteous felt that only evil must attend such a dominating, delight-giving habit. In response the smokers decried the "do-gooders," claimed "personal freedom," and continued on their way. Nowadays it has been generally conceded that purely moral objections have acted as poor deterrents to the habit, and these have been largely laid to rest in the ashes of the trillions of cigarettes that are smoked yearly all over the world.

In recent years the debate has been revived. This time, however, concern has been based upon more tangible considerations, for ever-widening medical evidence has accumulated, revealing the harmful effects of tobacco consumption, most particularly of cigarettes, upon the health of smokers.

As newspapers air claims by one group of eminent scientists and medical societies, and counter-claims by other scientists and societies, the confusion mounts. (Admittedly, the more sanguine group draws largely upon those doctors who are in the employ of the tobacco industry.) Highly-placed government officials make public statements on the unquestioned hazards of smoking, yet that government which employs them has adopted, up to now, a passive, "hands-off" policy. Physicians urge patients to quit smoking, smoking themselves as they do so. Economists warn of the effects on the economy should the revenues from cigarette sales fall off. Against this they must attempt to balance, were such an equation pos-

Reynolds Tobacco Sets Records For Its Volume and Net Income

The R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, the country's largest tobacco manufacturer, ... record sales for any quarter or half year in the peri... 30. Earnings records were also established, ... A. H. Galloway, president, reported yesterday.

Last February, Reynolds ac... quired the Pacific Hawaii... Products Company.

Second - quarter earni... rose 5 per cent, to $32,125... or 77 cents a share, from ... 566,000, or 74 cents a shr... year ago. The figures ... based on 40,971,533 sha... common stock ous... Sales totaled $430,667,0...

TOBACCO COMPANY INCREASES PROFIT

American Has Earnings of 64c a Share, Against 59c

The American Tobacco Com... pany increased second-q... sales and earnings ... of a year ag... sults ... y of ... erday

—*The New York Times.*

But Lucky Strike separates the men from the boys. . . .

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sible, the economic impact of the countless cases of illness and death pro-'ed by this commodity.

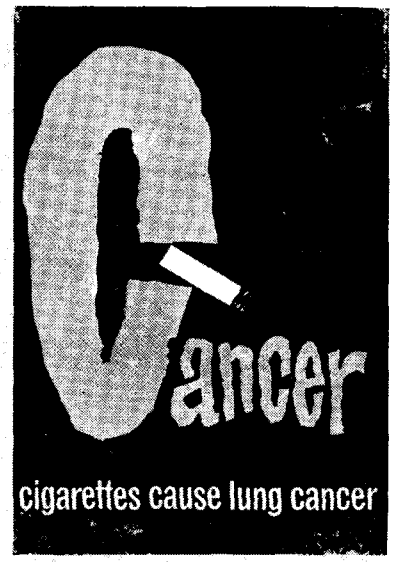
Buffeted by health scares and the law suits of cancer victims, the huge tobacco empire began the manufacture of filter-tipped cigarettes. Here a paradox arose, for the competitors in the "Tar Derby" boasted more of their filters than of the tobacco itself. The longer the controversy, the longer grew the filters and the louder the claims about their virtues. On the face of it, filters would seem to be a helpful, protective device were it not for the fact that the tobaccos used have been made stronger to counteract the diluting effect of the filter. Meanwhile cigarette sales soar, and millions of users participate in a mass experiment in public health second in size only to that concerned with the effects of atomic fallout.

Unquestionably, what is needed by smoker, physician, manufacturer, and government is a clear perspective on the problem and suggested avenues toward its solution. This is a large order but it is provided in basic outline by the remarkable *Consumers Union Report on Smoking and the Public Interest*. The aim of the report is "to bring 's murky picture into some kind of is so that understanding may replace ..ffle ment and out of understanding may come some informed action to deal with what is already a major health problem and is in fact becoming a social one." The five writers who have compiled this report have succeeded admirably in assembling the main features of the smoking problem.

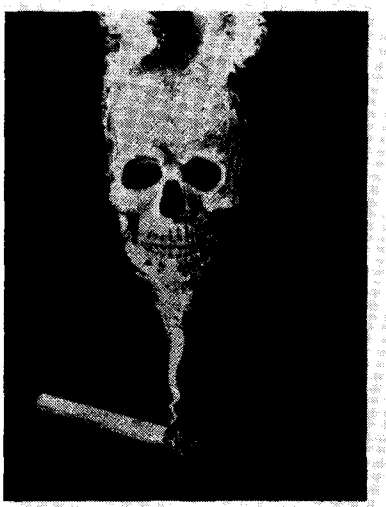
For those who still ask their physicians, "Do you really believe cigarettes cause lung cancer?" the first chapter should be enlightening. Clearly and concisely it reports not only the damning evidence of the cause-and-effect relationship between cigarettes and epidermoid lung cancer, but also the strong probability that smoking contributes measurably to the growth of cancer at other sites as well. What may not be as generally known is the large role that cigarettes play either alone or in combination with other influences in producing and/or perpetuating peptic ulcers, coronary artery disease, blood vessel disorders, and disabling pulmonary conditions other than cancer.

While the authors are highly critical of the tobacco companies and their advertising practices, they are not unmindful of the huge personal and financial implications of these corporations and their family of dependents. Most severely censured are the machinations to encourage smoking by teenagers, for in this effort there is an expression of irresponsibility that the industry and its advertising must eschew. Sooner or later the public will see clearly the deliberate seduction of its unsuspecting young and will refuse to tolerate such cynicism in order to maintain the tobacco industry.

GREAT BRITAIN



GREAT BRITAIN


DENMARK

SOVIET UNION (*"He smokes—he quit"*)

—*From the book.*

To their credit, the authors have set forth the facts in as unemotional a tone as an underlying sense of outrage and urgency would permit, presenting evidence on both sides where controversy exists and noting instances of inadequate statistics.

Without doubt they feel—as do so many of us—that if more than 40,000 deaths a year can be attributable in large part to a single cause, effective, deliberate, undelayed action must be taken. It is with this that the last major section of the book, "Points for a Program," is concerned. To my mind these chapters are the most important, since they outline a constructive program for dealing with the smoking problem. Quite properly suggesting that it is first and foremost a public health problem, one not to be clouded by economic considerations, the editors suggest the prohibition of sales to minors; cigarette taxation proportional to nicotine and tar content; regulation of cigarette labeling and advertising, both of which should stress the hazards of smoking; an antismoking advertising campaign; an educational program for students and adults; and a system of clinics and other therapeutic aids to help individuals stop smoking. All of these would act as "a network of reminders" to discourage the habit.

The authors mention the active role that the government will probably be called upon to play by the Surgeon General's Advisory Committee on Smoking and Health, which it is hoped will make a statement sometime in 1964 regarding its findings. Certainly each member of the committee, as well as the medical profession, smokers and nonsmokers, in fact all of us, must actively work toward a change in the existing smoking situation. *The Consumers Union Report* could serve as an excellent guide for such a campaign.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No Finish Line for the Arms Race

The Abolition of War, *by Walter Millis and James Real (Macmillan. 217 pp. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.95), and* ***Nuclear Ambush: The Test-Ban Trap,*** *by Earl H. Voss (Regnery. 612 pp. $6.50), present divergent views on how best to cope with the nuclear threat. Richard Hudson is editor of War/Peace Report, a monthly magazine that deals with the same problem.*

By RICHARD HUDSON

IF BOOKS about the Bomb would solve the problem, we should soon be able to relax in peace. Unfortunately, though the number of them continues to burgeon, so too do the disagreements over the right way out of our nuclear peril. Among the recent spate of studies, it would be hard to find two with such starkly different answers as these.

Earl Voss, who has been diplomatic correspondent for the Washington *Sunday Star* since 1956, holds that our present course should be to stay ahead in the arms race. His title, *Nuclear Ambush,* is somewhat misleading, even with its subtitle, *The Test-Ban Trap,* for he writes not about an ambush that might happen to us if we are not careful, but about one we have already lived through: the sudden resumption of nuclear testing by the Soviets in September 1961 after the U.S. had voluntarily refrained from testing for thirty-four months. Perhaps a more appropriate subtitle would be *1001 Reasons Why We Should Not Have a Test Ban.* It is not that Mr. Voss does not quote pro test-ban sources in his long and heavily annotated book. He does, and profusely. His chronicling of the growth of the test-ban issue is set forth in great (even tedious) detail, but, as he presents it, test-ban advocates always wind up with the short end of the argument.

Nevertheless, Mr. Voss is not convincing that the U.S., with its great strategic overkill capacity and its array of tactical nuclear weapons, really needs to test further. He lets Dr. Edward Teller, longtime foe of a test ban, carry the main load of his argument. Dr. Teller asserts that we need further testing to perfect a missile defense and "clean" nuclear weapons, that testing might lead to unpredictable advances, that the Russians could cheat on a test ban, and that a test ban might disrupt NATO by angering France, which intends to continue testing. However, persuasive evidence is not presented that a missile defense is feasible, that a "clean" bomb is necessary, that major breakthroughs may be in the offing, that the Russians could change the balance of power even if they did cheat, or that as a result of a test ban France would disrupt NATO more than it already has.

Underlying Mr. Voss's analysis is his conclusion that "there can be no basis for trusting the Soviet Union's intentions toward this country." He does not probe in any detail what the present intentions of the Russians might be, although implicit throughout the book is the assumption that they would strike us militarily at any moment they thought they could get away with it. On disarmament, he says, "Building national strength while negotiating disarmament is basically contradictory. . . . Until disarmament is more than a propaganda mirage, the arms race *always* rates priority." It seems clear that if distrust remains at the level held by Mr. Voss, disarmament will always be a mirage.

THE nuclear arms race does not at all look endless to Walter Millis and James Real. In fact, they conclude that "Generally speaking, we have excluded great-power war as an instrument of national policy. We are coming close to excluding the *threat* of major war as such an instrument." Barring a thermonuclear war caused by a diplomatic or political accident, they feel the process is already under way that will lead in the end to a demilitarized world.

Mr. Millis, who was on the editorial staff of the New York *Herald Tribune* from 1924 to 1954 and who has written a number of books on military affairs, is now on the staff of the Fund for the Republic. Mr. Real, an independent consultant to aircraft, electronic, and automobile corporations, is also a consultant to the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

Whether thinkers about the problem of war will agree or disagree with the theses set forth in *The Abolition of War,* they will find novel arguments and insights there that should be tested against their own viewpoints. The authors begin by tracing the evolution of the institution of war. They conclude that the collapse of the war system as a foundation for international pol was fairly evident by the end of American Civil War. Before that time the war system had worked rather well in settling disputes between states. In the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, in the First and then the Second World War it became increasingly certain that the war system was outmoded as a satisfactory instrument of international politics. Hiroshima, the authors contend, merely clinched the argument.

Messrs. Millis and Real are not, however, sanguine about near-term prospects for disarmament. Rather, they feel that nuclear arms will begin to be scrapped when they are seen as not only dangerous but as *useless.* And by that time, since disarmament will generally be seen to be unavoidable, inspection will not be much of a problem.

THESE conclusions are reached after an extensive examination of the question of what is "power." The authors contend that men are increasingly going to recognize that massive stocks of nuclear weapons and threats to use them are not effective ways to exercise power. Instead, power will be demonstrated through political and economic mea propaganda, riots, revolutions, and gu rilla wars.

Messrs. Millis and Real challenge some assumptions widely held in the U.S. regarding the nature of a demilitarized world. One such assumption is that a world army which could coerce nations would be needed. Another is that a complete system of world law would be required to settle all international disputes. The authors believe that with only an international police force (not army), operating under a minimum of supranational authority, a stable world could be maintained.

How can the world advance to this demilitarized state? Messrs. Millis and Real do not offer a blueprint. But the first step, they say, is to overcome the fears and myths that now block progress. This requires a final liquidation of the Second World War, including the German and Chinese problems. Other steps would be the cessation of the technological arms race and the diversion of the scientific community's efforts away from weaponry toward problems of a world without war.

As for the role of the individual, "across the whole problem of war and defense in the nuclear age there echo a plaintive cry: 'This is a dreadful s uation. What can I *do* about it?' The only answer is a hard one: 'You can think about it.'" Messrs. Millis and Real have given citizens a good place to start their thinking.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*Illustrations from the book.*

Power Patterns of Human History

The Rise of the West: A History of the Human Community, *by William H. McNeill (University of Chicago Press. 829 pp. $12.50), is a documented account of the whole of man's past in terms of the interrelations of his various societies. Carroll Quigley, professor of history at Georgetown University, is the author of "The Evolution of Civilizations."*

By CARROLL QUIGLEY

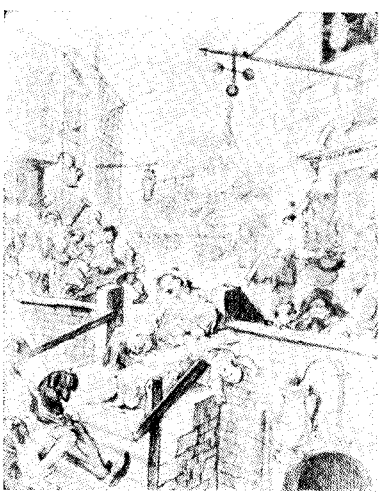
BEFORE the publication in 1941 of Ralph Turner's *Great Cultural Traditions,* "scholarship" in the field of history was usually equivalent to narrow specialization. Younger scholars who tried to challenge this were silenced by the fact that access to good jobs and publication (which opened the door to a job) was largely controlled by specialists.

The reaction to this situation is now in process, pushed on by the growing public interest in interpretative history (especially since the success of Toynbee) and also by less well-known but equally significant trends among natural scientists, whose war experiences gave them an increased regard for generalism in science. Unfortunately, the training of a generalist is much more difficult in the social sciences. A specialist in history can restrict his interests and his research to one aspect of a single period, or even to a single event, but the generalist must be familiar with most aspects of many periods in different cultures. By "familiar" I mean sufficiently well acquainted with the problems and current research to have an opinion of his own. This is quite different from the specialist, who knows his own field but accepts the opinion of long outdated books in other fields. A consequence of such specialism is the long lag of history textbooks behind the research of specialists. One important function of the generalist in history is to help reduce this gap. Of equal or greater, importance is his role in providing theories for specialists by offering interpretative suggestions based on his familiarity with more aspects of a period or on his broader outlook, informed by comparisons of diverse periods and cultures. Henri Frankfort and Karl Wittfogel have done this in the recent past.

Few generalists are better trained to perform these tasks than William McNeill of the University of Chicago. His qualifications are revealed in this extraordinary book, which, in more than 800 heavily footnoted pages, covers all human history. The first two-thirds of these pages are a magnificent success.

Generalists see the past as consisting of several dozen civilizations imbedded in a complex matrix of other social organizations existing on a lower, uncivilized level of development. My own writing has largely emphasized the process of change in the civilizations; McNeill is principally concerned with the matrix. He seeks to explain the complicated interrelations of civilizations across the matrix, as well as the historical changes in the matrix itself. The more significant of these changes have occurred in the vast extent of grasslands, stretching from Southern Russia across Central Asia to China, where the development of pastoralism and nomadic life impinged upon the surrounding crescent of high civilizations in China, India, the Near East, and Europe. McNeill's analysis of this is outstanding and full of valuable suggestions. His discussions of the individual civilizations encircling this Heartland are consistently good and in one case—the rise of the Greeks—brilliant. Professor McNeill's penetrating observations regarding the central role of weapon development and defense needs, and the impact of these upon social and intellectual life, explain what has for so long been treated rather breathlessly as "the Greek miracle." If the author had used the same seminal idea of the effect of weapon development on the rise and expansion of Western civilization, he might have avoided the decrease in quality noticeable in the last third of his book.

The final portion covers the period since 1500, which has seen a complete reversal of the historical pattern of the earlier period. That pattern had shown a semicircle of higher civilizations on the fringes of Eurasia, enclosing the Heartland and backed by the largely untracked oceans (and the Sahara). The new pattern has witnessed the colonization of the Heartland by Russia and the opening of the surrounding oceans by Western civilization, the rise in power of both of these, and the



Upper and Lower Classes of the Old Regime—Left, Thomas Gainsborough's portrait of Hon. Frances Duncombe contrasts forcibly with William Hogarth's sketch of a London street scene.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shattering of the older civilizations from the Aegean to the Far East. The geographic pattern remains a triple one but with a total turnabout in the power and wealth of the three sections. Today the Heartland and the Oceanic Community of the West are the centers of power, leaving the shattered remnants of the formerly powerful Ottoman, Mogul, Manchu, and Shinto empires as a buffer zone between them.

McNeill's discussion of this major reversal of the power pattern of the Old World is not completely satisfying, especially in view of his outstanding success in dealing with the much longer and more complex earlier periods. He handles the extension of Russia across the Heartland and of Europe across the oceans well enough, but is not nearly as convincing in his analysis of the disintegration of the fringe empires. Nor are his explanations of the expansion of either Russia or the West adequate. He treats the expansion of the West as a steady process from the Renaissance onward, when this expansion clearly hesitated and even retreated in the period 1600-1800, as marked by the exclusion of Europeans from Japan and China, the revival of India's autonomy between the Portuguese and the British intrusions, the long delay in tropical African exploration between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth, and, above all, the slump in the internal developments of Europe between the "price revolution" of the sixteenth century and the agricultural revolution of the eighteenth century.

The weakness of the final third of McNeill's volume centers on his inadequate presentation of the Old Regime. Here he could have used the same key (weapon development and the needs of defense) that provided his brilliant analysis of the rise of the Greek *polis*. The Old Regime rested, as Frederick the Great saw so clearly, on a professional mercenary army, loyal to a dynastic monarchy, and supported by a mercantilist economy whose chief service was to achieve an inequitable distribution of income in a two-class society, to provide funds for political activities and elegant luxuries for a small upper class by reducing the consumption of the multitudinous hard-working masses.

The weakness of McNeill's later pages rests on his failure to analyze the nature of mercantilism (as a money-accumulating mechanism) and of dynastic monarchy (as a political organization appealing to the allegiance of a limited group) in relation weapon system (which operated side the experience of the masses of the population). The Old Regime and the nineteenth century run parallel to the Greek Age of Tyrants and the Age of Athenian Democracy, much extended in time and character, but still susceptible to the same kind of historical analysis. McNeill is fully equipped to make such an analysis, using his own methods, so well demonstrated in the major portion of this book. That he already has the key in hand is evident from his juxtaposition on page 680 of works by Gainsborough and Hogarth to depict the Old Regime.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1046

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1046 will be found in the next issue.

MABGBMO LAT QBFT SAKO-

XTAO PH ZPSQTNTZ'O MQPG-

XTO.

XTASTAG

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1045

Some for fear their orations should giggle, will not let them smile.

—THOMAS FULLER.

See the USA in a New Survey

The Americans: A New History of the People of the United States, *by Oscar Handlin (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 434 pp. $6.95), focuses on developments common to the nation at large. Daniel J. Boorstin, professor of American history at the University of Chicago, is the author of "The Americans: The Colonial Experience," among other books.*

By DANIEL J. BOORSTIN

IT IS an ominous fact that great interpretations of American history and those of enduring literary merit appeared in disproportionate numbers before American historians were a self-conscious and richly supported profession. Parkman, Prescott, and Bancroft were amateurs. Henry Adams's primary academic competence was as a medievalist, Charles A. Beard's as a political scientist. Frederick Jackson Turner's most important work was published more than a decade before the specialists in United States history had organized themselves. Vernon L. Parrington came to the subject through literature. Is there an inverse relationship between the accumulation of the facts of our history, the elaboration of our social sciences, and the contribution that our historians can make to the critical self-awareness and sense of destiny of the American people?

In the present volume Oscar Handlin gives us an opportunity to observe both the extent and the limits of the illumination the general reader can expect from our best contemporary historians. This is his most ambitious book for a non-scholarly audience. Originating in his determination "to describe the influence of migration upon the people of the United States," his book became effort, as he says, "to tell the story. . . . The experience of the p —in all their variety—provides the continuity of the narrative. But the focus is fixed upon the context and on developments common to the whole people, rather than on the individual."

Not a textbook, the volume is wisely unencumbered by annotation. For the author has tried to write "so that anyone who wishes may read and understand it." One of several possible purposes might have justified such an undertaking—a new way of telling the old story, an extraordinary feel for drama or symbolism, a discovery of new threads, a grand new synthesis, the offering of new concepts, suggestive generalizations, or unfamiliar emphases.

What Professor Handlin has given us is none of these. Rather, this book is a collection, assimilation, and restatement of the fruits of his own and others' scholarship during the whole of the last generation. His emphasis is not on political, but on social, economic, and cultural history. Drawing on his vast but unobtrusive learning, he offers a readable, concise summary of the "better opinion" on one after another of the traditional topics. A mas the primary and secondary liter Dr. Handlin summarizes and correlates in a few paragraphs the results of his own scrutiny of the sources and of thousands of pages of learned monographs. This is an achievement that only his

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fellow-professionals are apt fully to appreciate. For example, his account of the causes and consequences of the War 1812 cuts through controversial scholarship to produce a statement both balanced and persuasive. His three-page description of the issues surrounding the Bank of the United States that embroiled Nicholas Biddle and Andrew Jackson will solace the student who has been exasperated by volumes of partisanship and pedantry. The author wisely and cogently assesses the place of abolitionism in inducing the Civil War. And he recounts the New Deal as "the culmination of four decades of progressive development." In areas preempted by myopic and party-proud scholars, Professor Handlin rises above the passions of academic battle.

Reviewers in scholarly journals may find it a great virtue that he has not oversimplified or passed judgment or imposed a pattern. But the layman is apt to be less impressed by this virtue. After reading the volume he cannot help still feeling—he may be more than ever persuaded—that American history is nothing but a bewildering miscellany. Is there a main stream? Are there in fact any dominant themes?

Professor Handlin's scholarly magnanimity smooths out the mountain ks of clichés that have given a inant and excessive importance to certain controversial aspects of the American Revolution, the Civil War, or the New Deal. But he leaves us wandering in a vast prairie, where our vision extends long and clear, but where the leveled landscape offers little to arrest our interest or excite our imagination. Take, for instance, his chapter "Individualism, 1900-1939," which is a potpourri of conflicting attitudes and episodes. We might have expected to find here some assessment of the extent to which the quest for identity in these giant years of technological progress enlarged the opportunity for self-fulfilment of Americans. Professor Handlin vaguely concludes that "With less certainty than their ancestors, but with fully as much determination, they wished only to be left alone to explore its meaning and discover themselves." He ends his chapter "Holocaust" (on the rise of atomic power) by saying, "The dawning apprehension of the danger suspended about them, if it did not drive them to the extreme of denying reality altogether, persuaded Americans that it was at least time to take stock."

A test of every age is how it understands and interprets itself. Future historians who read Professor Handlin's work will be persuaded that we knew a lot about ourselves, but had made up our minds about little. What we need even more desperately than wise historical scholarship is historical wisdom.

People of the Book: From his early years as a leader of a group of young artists called *Die Pathetiker*, Jakob Steinhardt was immersed in the Bible. In 1933 he fled Hitler's Germany and settled in Jerusalem, where he absorbed the landscapes of the Bible. *The Graphic Art of Jakob Steinhardt* (Yoseloff, $10) reveals the profound influence of Jewish spirituality on an artist who, to quote Haim Gamzu's critical appreciation, sees "the great figures of the past not externally but as one who walked and talked with them."

"The Prophet."

"Jeremiah."

"Naomi and Ruth."

"Resting Bedouins."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

FICTION

We may at some earlier time have mentioned a previous edition of George Eliot's *Middlemarch* (Washington Square, 90¢), but we cannot refrain from noting again this reflective and powerful novel with its immortal heroine, Dorothea Brooke.

In his afterword to Anthony Trollope's *Barchester Towers* (Signet, 60¢), the distinguished critic Robert W. Daniel calls it the "most celebrated" of Trollope's many novels. To be sure, this one, written in 1857, started the flood. As Mr. Daniel points out, Trollope subsequently wrote twenty-two novels in ten years.

Penguin has obligingly added four new titles to the Henry James collection: *Washington Square* (65¢), *Selected Short Stories*, which includes *Daisy Miller* and *The Lesson of the Master* (65¢), *The Spoils of Poynton* (65¢), and *The Portrait of a Lady* ($1.45). Among the very late James one might add *The Golden Bowl* (Dell, 95¢), that less than satisfying story of Maggie Verver's involvement with some shady Italians.

We're always eager to keep abreast of the Joyce Cary editions. Two recent issues, *An American Visitor* (Anchor, 95¢) and *The African Witch* (Harper Colophon, $1.75), are set in the Africa Cary knew before his retirement from the Civil Service in 1920. Both are humane pleas for understanding of a situation which even then Cary knew to be complicated and inevitably bungled. *Not Honour More* (Universal, $1.45) ends the trilogy that began with *A Prisoner of Grace* and continued with *Except the Lord*. It carries on the story of Chester Nimmo, the irrepressible politician, here seen through the eyes of Jim Latter, the third point of the triangle. And finally there is *Charley Is My Darling* (Signet, 75¢), a charming tale of an extraordinary child evacuated to the country during the days of the London blitz.

PHILOSOPHY

Among the pleasures of paperbacks is the opportunity they provide to peruse the original words of the philosophers. Sometimes—with Kant, for instance—it's just as well not to; but under pressure many philosophers will yield up their ideas without benefit of a middleman. Don't be deceived, however, by Baruch Spinoza's *How to Improve Your Mind* (Citadel, 95¢). It is no more a how-to book *à la* Dale Carnegie than Spinoza's more famous work, *Ethics Demonstrated in the Geometric Manner*, is about graphs. This brief essay, whose title is more often translated as *On the Improvement of the Understanding*, belongs solidly to the rationalist school.

Spinoza, Descartes, and Leibniz, bearing the banner of rationalism, were opposed vigorously by those staunch empiricists John Locke, George Berkeley, and David Hume. While the first group believed that knowledge was possible through the mind alone, the second insisted that the mind at birth was, in Locke's term, a *tabula rasa*, a blank paper, which experience was to write upon. *The Principles of Human Knowledge* (Meridian, $1.45) remains Berkeley's fundamental work. *On Human Nature and the Understanding* (Collier, 95¢) contains some of Hume's most distinctive writing. The witty and skeptical Scotsman not only denied the existence of the mind, but also cast some strong doubts on the stability of the laws of cause and effect, thereby threatening the idea of the infallibility of science.

Body, Man, and Citizen (Collier, 95¢) is a selection from the writings of Thomas Hobbes, which foreshadowed the generally materialistic philosophy of the empiricists.

ON STAGE

Edward Albee is the young playwright who has made the one-act play once again dramatically acceptable. Among the most successful of his shorter theatrical offerings are *The American Dream and The Zoo Story* (Signet, 60¢), two plays that glitter with the author's own brand of sardonic wit and grotesqueries. Not that Mr. Albee can't write long plays; *cf. Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* (Atheneum, $1.95) modern marital horror story.

Twenty-four Favorite One-Act Plays (Dolphin, $1.45), edited by Bennett Cerf and Van H. Cartmell, samples some of the more distinguished works in the genre, including such established favorites as Lady Gregory's *Spreading the News* and Chekhov's *A Marriage Proposal*, and such lively moderns as Terrence Rattigan's *The Browning Version* and Noël Coward's *Hands Across the Sea*. Also among these one-acters is Eugene O'Neill's *The Moon of the Caribbees*, which reminds us that *Lost Plays of Eugene O'Neill* has just been published (Citadel, $1.50). It's not nearly such a literary find as the title would indicate, for these 1913-1914 efforts (including one grim piece called, succinctly, *Abortion*) are of little real theatrical value and will be prized only by O'Neill devotees.

A curiosity is what we must also call Georg Büchner, introduced and translated from the German by Carl Richard Mueller (Dramabook, $1.75). Büchner died in 1837 at the age of twenty-three, after a life as tormented as it was brief; yet, so we're told, his works have played a significant part in the development of such later artists as Ionesco and Brec Alban Berg's opera *Wozzeck* was based on Büchner's play *Woyzeck*.

Spain's great, golden days of the seventeenth century are well represented by *Three Classic Spanish Plays* (Washington Square, 60¢), which in-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cludes Lope de Vega's *The Sheep Well*, [illegible]as Zorrilla's *None Beneath the King*, Calderón de la Barca's *Life Is a am.*

Richard Southern's *The Seven Ages of the Theatre* (Dramabook, $2.45) follows the development of drama from primitive ritual, early church liturgy, court entertainment, and at last onto the stage—indeed, one with a roof of its own. Theatrical illusion was never complete, and it remained for the anti-illusionists to bring the theatre back full circle to the open-air arena. A clear, comprehensive book, with illustrations.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

Most North Americans are unfortunately abysmally ignorant of the history and culture of South Americans. Even Mexico, our next-door neighbor, remains relatively unknown, and her past is less familiar to us than that of France or England. Many excellent informative studies of Mexico are available in paperback, among them the newly released *Ancient Mexico* (Capricorn, $1.65), Frederick Peterson's introduction to pre-Hispanic culture. A more specific study is Ignacio Bernal's *Mexico Before Cortez: Art, History, end* (translated by Willis Barne, Dolphin, 95¢), which offers an enlightening view of Tenochtitlán, now Mexico City.

In 1911 Hiram Bingham led an expedition to the mountains of Peru, where high on a peak was the deserted fortress called by the Incas "Vitcos." *Lost City of the Incas* (Atheneum, $1.45) tells of the trek with all its expectations and excitement.

Sybille Bedford, the English novelist, is an outspoken, strong-minded, and thoroughly delightful traveler whose *The Sudden View* (Atheneum, $1.45) enthusiastically reports her travels in Mexico. An even more cerebral companion for a Mexican visit is Octavio Paz, a leading Mexican poet. His *The Labyrinth of Solitude: Life and Thought in Mexico* (translated by Lysander Kemp, Evergreen, $1.95) contemplates the sober, ritualistic quality of contemporary Mexican life.

One of Brazil's most distinguished citizens is Gilberto Freyre, sociologist, anthropologist, diplomat. His book on the culture of modern Brazil, *New World in the Tropics* (Vintage, $1.65), written in 1945, has been extensively ised and updated to include fresh ights into the shifting complexities of Brazil's economic and political life. *The United States and Latin America* (Spectrum, $1.95), edited by Herbert L. Matthews, surveys the confused contemporary scene in terms of politics, economics, and diplomacy.

And at last, for the student or the frantic traveler, *Latin American History* (Barnes & Noble, $2.50), by A. Curtis Wilgus and Raul D'Eça ,offers just the facts, shortly and sweetly, from Columbus to Castro.

THE PRESIDENCY

One period in United States history that had quite as much vigor as our own was *The Age of Jackson* (Little, Brown, $2.95), the title of Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s Pulitzer Prize-winning study not only of that turbulent time but of Jackson himself. It's a gracefully written book. Glyndon G. Van Deusen's *The Jacksonian Era* (Torchbooks, $1.95), a new volume in the New American Nation series edited by Henry Steele Commager and Richard Morris, deals with the decades 1828-1848, during which time the economic and political fabric of our nation was irrevocably altered.

The Essential Jefferson (Collier, $1.50), edited by Albert Fried, draws upon letters, journals, and documents for this account of an exceptional gentleman, from his early student days through his career as Governor, Secretary of State, and President, and the glorious autumnal years at Monticello.

The Lincoln Nobody Knows (Hill & Wang, $1.95), by Richard N. Current, appraises certain popular conceptions about Lincoln's marriage, his religion, and his views on slavery; and, without actually debunking all of these common attitudes, the author manages to shake up some cherished notions.

Among the other paperbacks on U.S. Presidents are two new ones about FDR: James MacGregor Burns's *Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox*

(*Continued on page* 51)

"Seated Woman from Back," by Braque.

Representative of an increasing storehouse of inexpensive but nonetheless excellent art books is Barnes & Nobles' Art Series. Each little volume (75¢) contains an adequate biographical and critical description of the artist and his work, with the bulk of space given over to reproductions—more than fifty in black-and-white and twenty-four in color. Sixteen of these useful guides are already in print, the most recent releases being *Bosch*, by Anthony Bosman, *Chagall* and *Braque*, by Jacques Damase, and *Hals*, by Willem Beeren.

"Nurse and Child," by Hals.

"Bride and Groom of the Eiffel Tower," by Chagall.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PLAYWRIGHT'S PERSPECTIVE

Happiness the Hard Way

The World Is a Wedding, *by Bernard Kops (Coward-McCann. 261 pp. $5), attributes to love the author's redemption from a personal hell. Cecil Hemley's novel "Young Crankshaw" was published earlier this year.*

By CECIL HEMLEY

WE AMERICANS, supposedly such staunch advocates of the individual, are not great readers of autobiography. Although we certainly complain enough about mass society, we seem to think that nothing less than a full report about everybody, preferably by everybody, is really important. Bernard Kops's book is essentially only about himself, and for that reason not likely to attract a large audience. However, I hope that my estimate is wrong and that it sells widely, because *The World Is a Wedding* is not only an exciting book but a most revealing one. Everyone is of necessity a child of his times, but some are more its children than others. Kops's life sums up a particular aspect of our age.

In England Kops has achieved a certain reputation, but on this side of the Atlantic he is almost unknown. He was one of the original "angry young men," and has written several plays, a novel, and a couple of books of verse. He is presently resident dramatist to the Bristol Old Vic.

The World Is a Wedding is the only work by Kops that I have read, but it is evidence enough that he is extremely talented. It is not easy to write unpretentiously and objectively about one's own life; Kops does. His book, I hasten to add, is in no sense a literary memoir, but the story of his descent into hell and his season there.

Kops was born in the London ghetto to a family that was already more or less alienated from its religion. His father was radically inclined, a leather worker who was only sporadically employed. The time was the Depression, and the world was moving toward war. But, as Kops explains, poor though he was, his childhood was happy. He lived in the bosom of his family, and was devoted to his mother, a typical Jewish matron of the old school.

By the time he was an adolescent, England was under attack. Evacuated to the country, Kops found himself in an alien England, non-Jewish and incomprehensible to him. Returning to London, he became a part of that weary crowd who trudged each night to the Underground. Kops's description of the blitz is brilliant: the people's sense of outrage; their suspicion that they, the poor, were receiving more punishment than the rich; their abrupt release from traditional boundaries as the ghetto was pulverized.

Not all those suddenly thrust into a greater world than they had previously known became as rootless as Kops. Most of his own family endured the conflict and managed to adjust to it. Kops did not. He became a wanderer, a resentful searcher, incapable of staying long at any job. He went to waiter's school, worked in restaurants, tried to be a song writer, became a strolling player, took to smoking hashish. A mystery to his family and no doubt to himself, he seemed to be bent on self-destruction.

Kops's life might have ended in tragedy. More and more the dissident, his deviation led him to the brink of crime. Drugs became a necessity for him; he frequented Bohemian circles where the literary proletariat lived out their dreary lives; he wandered off to North Africa and saw human degradation at its worst. Finally, after the death of his mother and convinced that [illegible] was her murderer, he had a breakdown.

What brought Kops to his senses and made life possible for him? According to him, love. He fell in love with a girl and suddenly life seemed different to him. But obviously this is no explanation at all. The fact is that conversions of this sort defy explanation. Earlier in his life love would have been impossible for Kops; suddenly it became possible. It used to be said that such alterations in feeling occurred through the grace of God, a phrase that many moderns find meaningless. At any rate, whatever the reason, Bernard Kops was able to transcend his nightmares and find the world. Too many angry young men are not so fortunate.

Athens on Lake Michigan: When Ben Hecht was sixteen he ran away from his hometown of Racine, Wisconsin, to Chicago, latched on to the Chicago *Journal*, and immediately began a violent love affair with the city, which he has carried on ever since in books, plays, poems, and motion pictures. His latest panegyric (in prose to the city he worships is called *Gaily, Gaily* (Doubleday, $3.95), and it is lusty, sometimes bawdy, sometimes sensitive, always fascinating story of the city and its people as they looked to him in the early part of this century.

Gaily, Gaily consists of nine vignettes featuring pimps, prostitutes, crooked and honest lawyers, crooked and honest cops, the great, the near-great, the bogus actors and actresses who startled Chicago, and many criminal characters,

"The press is waiting. Emerge unsmiling and tight-lipped."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ben Hecht—"Old Pro."

some homicidal, some insane, and some normal gentlemen who had merely made mistakes that brought them to the gallows. As often as not, Ben Hecht would help while away the last hours of the doomed by playing any two-handed card game ever invented—a mistake on their part, because even [illegible]n Hecht had a remarkable aptitude [illegible]ards.

[illegible]e introduces us to at least a hundred bizarre characters of both sexes who were once part of the town called Chicago. Among the more interesting was Big Jim Colosimo, who owned twenty-three brothels and one of the finest South Side cafés in the city. "He was a commanding figure in tuxedo, diamond studs and well-greased hair," Hecht writes admiringly. "His dope peddling and crooked gambling activities in high, he presided at his café nightly, respected and admired by Chicago's flossiest citizens. Next to Mayor William Hale Thompson, who was stealing the city blind, Colosimo was our ranking celebrity."

One night he asked Hecht (a regular customer at the bistro) to come to his office, where he proudly introduced him to two youngsters he had imported from Brooklyn to run errands for him. Their names were Alfonse Capone and Johnny Torrio. But that night Colosimo was more interested in persuading Hecht to taste slivers from what he called the greatest private collection of imported cheeses in the United States.

Ben Hecht tells us many wonderful [illegible]ies of his experiences as a police [illegible]eporter in the city of which H.L. Mencken actually said: "Chicago is the Athens of America." But don't laugh yet. Hecht takes Mencken quite seriously, and mentions *The Little Review*, a fifty-page magazine that even in those early days was running James Joyce's *Ulysses* in its world debut. A partial list of the unknown (for the most part) and unpublished contributors to *The Little Review* included Ezra Pound, Sherwood Anderson, Carl Sandburg, Wyndham Lewis, Edgar Lee Masters, Gertrude Stein, Maxwell Bodenheim, T. S. Eliot, Amy Lowell, Theodore Dreiser, Jean Cocteau . . . and, of course, Ben Hecht.

Maybe H.L. Mencken wasn't kidding after all. And maybe Ben Hecht isn't kidding either. And I'm certainly not kidding when I say that this book of 227 pages is Ben Hecht at his best as a teller of colorful tales. Can a book buyer ask for anything better than the Old Pro at his best? Of course not.

—Quentin Reynolds.

Memoir at Twenty-four: Shelagh Delaney returns to the milieu of her touching and hilarious play *A Taste of Honey* in the earlier sections of her memoir, *Sweetly Sings the Donkey* (Putnam, $4). Childhood and adolescence in provincial England are evoked with such mastery, in a seemingly effortless style, that one is struck simultaneously by the marvelous attention to significant detail and by the aura of universality that makes these stories everyone's.

Miss Delaney's experiences have included a long interlude in a girls' convalescent home; she adroitly describes in a singularly bland yet engaging manner the relationship of terror, love, and intense curiosity between patients and supervising nuns. She also excels in "Pavan for a Dead Prince," the story of the death of a youth. It is a romantic tragedy in which the narrator retains her cold, hard look at the things she loves without yielding an inch to conventional sentiment.

The most remarkable fragment of

Shelagh Delaney—"precocious success."

autobiography is a chapter called "The Teacher." Gothic in tone and dénouement, it is the chronicle of a despicable and sadistic teacher who flagrantly and self-righteously humiliates and tortures those pupils who, for one reason or another, do not please him. In the end, one of his victims avenges himself, after a particularly painful humiliation, by a deadly means that the book barely hints at.

The balance of *Sweetly Sings the Donkey* deals with the life of the author following her enormous, precocious success as a playwright. There is a chapter of correspondence from various busybodies, well-wishers, and detractors, an account of a trip to Poland, replete with neighbors' observations on the folly and peril of travel in a Communist state, and fanciful, rambling dialogues with a variety of solid citizens and political figures. This last portion of the book suggests that Miss Delaney is not very enthusiastic about her new life. At any rate, she doesn't write very entertainingly about it. We eagerly await the fresh inspiration that seems certain to come to one who has written so well of the people she knew in the very near past. —Sean Callery.

On the Slaying Of a Music Student In Philadelphia By Teen-agers

By Miller Williams

THERE will be grief and anger
and in the town tears
for the dead stranger
but they are young and ill

(when something still
as we were playing Texan and Cheyenne
said only a man could pay for a horse
or a man
they would be dealt with. They would
be dead and down.
Above the street from dawn
let them dance until the sun is gone.
In seven hidden places
lay them with ants
and honey on their faces.)

But we were young as they were
and more wild.
Now we are old, and we know the child.

(When they have stuffed his ears
which is madly meet
send a virgin whose mouth is wide and
sweet
to shine his fingernails and break his
hands
then if there is a man who understands
bury the boy. But let it be complete.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

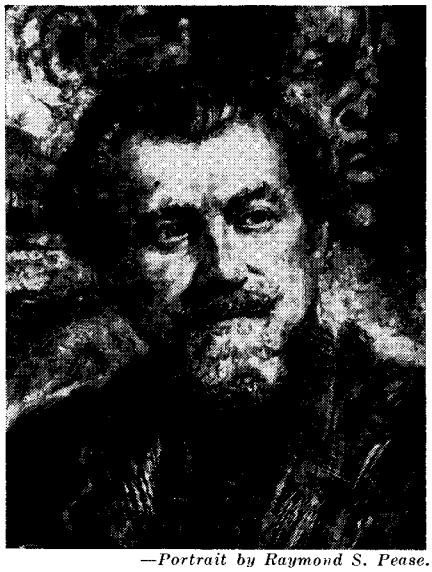
An Exciting War with the Boers

***Rags of Glory**, by Stuart Cloete (Doubleday. 631 pp. $6.95), views the last of the "gentleman's wars" through the eyes of a Boer soldier and a British officer. Charles Miller is a free-lance writer who specializes in African affairs.*

By CHARLES MILLER

FROM the textbook standpoint, the all-but-forgotten Boer War—between Great Britain and the Dutch-descended farmers of South Africa—lasted from 1899 to 1902. In the broader perspective of history, it can be said that hostilities actually began in 1820, when the first English colonists settled near the Cape of Good Hope, and did not end until 1961, when the Republic of South Africa left the British Commonwealth. For the intervening 141 years were witness to a ceaseless struggle between two diametrically opposed ways of life: between the Boer's fanatical belief in a Biblical predestination to isolated pastoral freedom, and the Englishman's more genteel but no less iron-willed resolve to build a great commercial edifice on the same land. The shooting war that broke out at the turn of the century served only to eradicate the Boer republics of Transvaal and the Orange Free State (which re-emerged as a grotesque phoenix fifty-nine years later), and is remembered today chiefly as a monument to Boer tactical brilliance and British strategic fatheadedness. In *Rags of Glory* Stuart Cloete has placed the conflict within the framework of a muscular historical novel that not only brings to life the explosive action of the fighting but also provides a rich social document of the people, traditions, and, above all, the national mentalities that made the war inevitable.

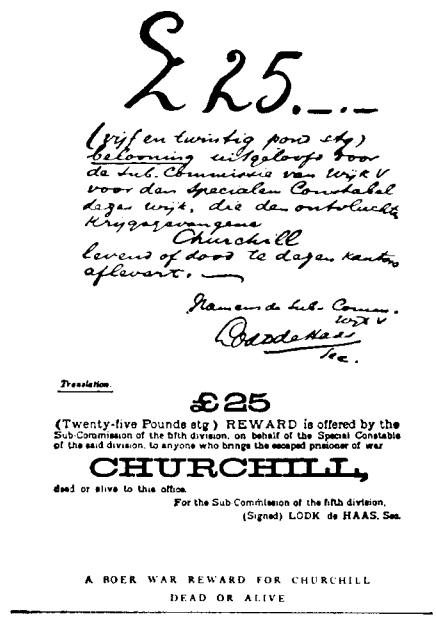
To the Boers, it was Armageddon. Hopelessly outnumbered in manpower and firepower, they reposed a boundless faith in their invincible ally Jehovah, from whom they had received the South African veld as a personal gift. (They also relied heavily on world opinion, which was conspicuously hostile to Britain, and on the quicksilver mobility of their mounted commandos and corporalships.) The British saw the contest as a martial testament to the unassailable rightness of John Bull's Civilization at its imperial apogee; there was no question in their minds as to the quick outcome of a campaign against a tatterdemalion band of loutish Dutch farmers.



—*Portrait by Raymond S. Pease.*

Stuart Cloete—"a robust cyclorama."

Yet only a few weeks after the outbreak of hostilities, Britain was reeling under the shock of three consecutive major defeats sustained in the space of seven days. "It is probable that the impact of Black Week on England has never been equaled," says Cloete. "There had never been anything like it before or since. Not even the disaster of Dunkirk." Thus what had started out as a glorified punitive expedition soon mired down in prolonged and bloody siege. By sheer weight of bers and limitless resources, E. was bound to win—as indeed she did, but only after three years of generalship ideally suited to campaigns against Napoleon.


£25.—.—
(Twenty-five Pounds stg.) REWARD is offered by the Sub-Commission of the fifth division, on behalf of the Special Constable of the said division, to anyone who brings the escaped prisoner of war
£25
CHURCHILL,
dead or alive to this office.
For the Sub-Commission of the fifth division.
(Signed) LODK de HAAS. Sec.

A BOER WAR REWARD FOR CHURCHILL
DEAD OR ALIVE

A price on Sir Winston.

In many respects, the Boer War was not unlike our own Civil War. The Boers' improvised systems of mobilization and the rough-hewn democracy that selected many officers had counterparts in more than one Union and Confederate militia unit. Cloete's account of Kitchener's fearful scorched-earth campaign in 1901 immediately brings to mind Sherman's march. Smuts's invasion of the British Cape Province, doomed from the start, was carried off nonetheless with all the cockeyed, hell-for-leather *panache* of a Jeb Stuart cavalry reconnaissance. The prison camps, charnel houses out of Hieronymus Bosch, easily matched Andersonville, horror for horror. The capitulation at Vereeniging can be called a sort of defiant Appomattox.

The conflict was also, in Cloete's view, the last of the "gentleman's" wars; indeed, he shows a paradoxically quaint flavor of chivalry rising from the carnage. For the era had not yet p in which doctors could buy chlo from the enemy or attend wounded on the battlefield under flags of truce; in which besieged towns could be warned before the shelling began; in which Boer and British soldiers could swim together occasionally; in which opposing generals could exchange notes praising the gallantry of one another's troops.

Rags of Glory is a labor of love that was ten years in the making. Cloete does not take sides, but neither does he take refuge in aloof objectivity; he views the conflict with the candor and compassion of a South African whose relatives fought with both English and Boer. Much of the war is seen through the eyes of a young Boer soldier and a British cavalry officer, and the eyes of their numerous companions of battlefield and boudoir (the novel's fictional strands often read like a girlie magazine). The statesmen and generals who dominated the scene—Kruger, Steyn, Rosebery, Lloyd George, Smuts, de la Rey, Buller, Roberts, Kitchener—are presented in well-rounded capsule portraits. There are also brief but revealing glimpses of other figures: Churchill, Kipling, Conan Doyle a young "body snatcher" (as stre bearers were known in those days) named Mohandas K. Gandhi. *Rags of Glory* could hardly be called another *War and Peace*, but it holds up superbly as a robust cyclorama of an age that was far more virile than many realize.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Courtly Love in '28: Betty Smith makes a determined effort in her new el to create joy, but it has eluded Joy, like light, is produced by a current, which in passing through a resisting medium heats it to incandescence. The illusion of it is smashed, for some of us at least, by insistence such as this:

> "Oh, Carl!" she hugged his arm. "I'm glad I got you." "You little nut!" He smiled down at her upturned face. And many an older person, passing them on the street sighed and smiled and thought how wonderful it must be to be young and not have a care in the world!

Another reason for the failure of *Joy in the Morning* (Harper & Row, $4.95) may be its lack of a world. The year is 1928. Lindbergh had just flown the Atlantic, the first talking picture opened, the circulation of the *American Mercury* reached its peak, everyone from George Washington to Queen Victoria was being debunked, the little theatre was burgeoning, anyone who wanted to be a writer went to Montparnasse and wrote about America, and Black Monday in Wall Street was just around the corner.

The mainstream of thought ran ngest in college towns—the setting this novel about a marriage. Carl tall, blond, and with a manly look of maturity which made him seem older than his twenty years") was a law student; his bride, Annie (who was eighteen but "looked like a child of fourteen who had borrowed her sister's clothes for the day"), wanted to be a writer. Yet in the entire year in which they expressed themselves endlessly with a kind of auto-hypnosis there is no evidence that either of them ever saw a newspaper; and the prevailing breeze —contrary to the laws of nature—was local.

Joy in the Morning is sentimental myth—today's version of the courtly love novel. The pure young girl is the savior, marriage is eternal bliss, love is joy. The dark surge of sexual desire is resolved and reborn as a baby.

I had Betty Smith's *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* under my arm when I recently ran into a doctor I know. He told me that he had read it in Sicily during the war. "It was in an olive grove. That's where the hospital was located," he said. "I read it in my bunk. It must have been a Sunday. I chuckled and ughed so the fellow in the tent with asked what was so funny." The ctor began recalling things that happened in the book.

I don't believe ten years from now anyone will remember what happens in *Joy in the Morning*. Or maybe they will in a different way since M-G-M has purchased the screen rights for $100,000 plus. Perhaps it will take its place as one of the secret scriptures of our sentimental love religion.

—Babette Hall.

Great Terms and Small Mercies: Beginning their married life in a loft, as a self-conscious protest against domination by "things," David and Liz Pagani are, by dint of their love, already householders. Thus it is no surprise that by the time Hortense Calisher comes to the end of her second novel, *Textures of Life* (Little, Brown, $4.75), they have acquired a child, a dog, and a car and are well on their way to the inevitable submission to the lares and penates. Quite soon, we see, Liz will have not only things but things to clean the things with and things to store the things in.

David is early established as almost a constant, ready-made for husbanding and fathering. Liz's becoming her husband's wife—which, of course, involves coming also to be her mother's daughter and her daughter's mother—unfolds in a charmed world unassailed by job and money problems. A circle of friends is mentioned from time to time (awkwardly, like a sociological label) but they are never seen as individuals with identities or demands. Safely tucked away in California, Liz's mother and David's father, two strong and potentially interfering characters, are effectively removed from the daily scene.

It is apparent from Miss Calisher's justly acclaimed short stories and the sharply drawn characterizations of her first novel, *False Entry*, that the muted effect and lack of suspense resulting from these careful exclusions are due not to a flawed technique but a series of mistaken choices by the author. The emotionally acute scenes in the book of the child's illness and a quick, dextrous portrait of Liz's vivid neighbor establish that a manifold talent is still on tap.

And it is a tribute to Miss Calisher's deft and lovely prose that we find Liz, in her unbelievable milieu, believable at all—if usually at one remove, her voice an echo in a large and empty room. Seen nearly always in a long, low light, with everything in the corners of the picture smudged or painted out, Liz lines her nest and births her baby. The author dips in and out of the story, troubling us with an unsure sense of time: somewhere along in here, in this year or that—she seems to be saying—something slid into place, some combination of great terms and small mercies made a marriage. But how did it come into being? We are offered not a slice of life from which we may determine for ourselves, if we can—but a fabric woven of selected threads. Like a fine embroidered organdy, the texture is delicate and pleasing, the craftsmanship admirable. Life can be seen through it, but never clearly enough. —Maggie Rennert.

Infernal Visitants: Father Deener believed in the Devil as firmly as he believed in God, so when a strange doctor came to the parish of Parish with a mysterious Thermistone to cure all ills and effect rejuvenation, the old priest rightly guessed there was black magic about. Satan had sent a fallen angel to earth with the old lure that beguiled Faust, but this time the Fiend was bargaining for hearts instead of souls. However, hearts cannot be sold, they can only be freely given; so the unholy contract that lovesick Alfred had foolishly signed was thunderously declared null and void, and the disappointed Demon had to depart without his human prey.

Such is the simple tale about simple people that Robert Nathan tells, with his usual artfully contrived simplicity, in *The Devil with Love* (Knopf, $3.95). It is as light as a feather, as soft as a sigh, as sweet as a cream bun, as tinged with gentle melancholy as a calm evening, as predictable as the phases of the moon. There are oddments of whimsy, such as a plastic swan embodying another infernal visitant who chats with the false doctor about the good old days before the Fall, and there are touches of malice in the humor.

Lucifer surrounded by his yes-devils resembles a bored businessman planning a sales campaign; Father Deener's bishop obviously thinks the old priest is slightly dotty; the ritual of exorcism does not work nowadays, in spite of a spate of Latin as impressive as a television commercial; some talkative ants use President Kennedy's words, "Ask not what your country can do for you but what you can do for your country," in support of their rigid totalitarian system of government. Nobody in Parish except Father Deener has heard of Marguerite, Faust, Mephistopheles, Goethe, Gounod, Paracelsus, and many others with whose names and histories you, dear reader, are of course comfortably familiar, so you can feel superior to these uncultured Parishioners. There is one new piece of information, however, that you will be glad to note: the Twist is danced in hell.

—Aileen Pippett.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR's Check List of Current Books

Art

BOSCH. By Anthony Bosman. Barnes & Noble. Paperback, 75¢. (See page 45.)

BRAQUE. By Jacques Damase. Barnes & Noble. Paperback, 75¢.

CHAGALL. By Jacques Damase. Barnes & Noble. Paperback, 75¢.

EARLY FLEMISH PAINTING. By Robert Delevoy. McGraw-Hill. $8.95.

HALS. By Willem Beeren. Barnes & Noble. Paperback, 75¢.

Business, Economics

THE ECONOMICS OF WELFARE POLICIES. By Margaret S. Gordon. Columbia Univ. Press. $3.

MODERN AMERICAN CAPITALISM. By R. Joseph Monsen. Houghton Mifflin. $4.25.

Classical Studies

THE LETTERS OF THE YOUNGER PLINY. Translated by Betty Radice. Penguin. Paperback, $1.25.

MEDEA AND OTHER PLAYS BY EURIPIDES. Translated by Philip Vellacott. Penguin. Paperback, 95¢.

Current Affairs

THE POLITICAL DYNAMICS OF EUROPEAN ECONOMIC INTEGRATION. By Leon N. Lindberg. Stanford Univ. Press. $7.75.

THE POLITICS OF PARTNERSHIP. By Patrick Keatley. Penguin African Library. Paperback, $1.95.

UNARMED VICTORY. By Bertrand Russell. Penguin. Paperback, 65¢. (Reprint.)

Education

THE ECONOMIC VALUE OF EDUCATION. By Theodore W. Schultz. Columbia Univ. Press. $2.75.

EDUCATION FOR MODERN MAN. Revised and enlarged edition. By Sidney Hook. Knopf. $5.

Essays

A MATTER OF LIFE. Edited by Clara Urquhart. Little, Brown. $5.

Fiction

DADDA JUMPED OVER TWO ELEPHANTS and Other Stories. By D'Arcy Niland. Sloane. $3.75.

THE FAWN. By Magda Szabo. Translated by Kathleen Szasz. Knopf. $4.50.

I HEAR THUNDER. By Samuel Selvon. St. Martin's. $3.95.

JOY IN THE MORNING. By Betty Smith. Harper & Row. $4.95. (See page 49.)

LATE-BLOOMING FLOWERS and Other Stories. By Anton Chekhov. Translated by I. Chertok and Jean Gardner. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

NERVOUS PEOPLE AND OTHER SATIRES. By Mikhail Zoshchenko. Edited by Hugh McLean. Pantheon. $5.95.

RAGS OF GLORY. By Stuart Cloete. Doubleday. $6.95. (See page 48)

REBEL IN BLUE. By Herman Toepperwein. Morrow. $4.95.

THE RESERVOIR: Stories and Sketches and SNOWMAN SNOWMAN: Fables and Fantasies. By Janet Frame. Braziller. Two volumes, boxed. $7.

SEVEN JAPANESE TALES. By Junichiro Tanizaki. Translated by Howard Hibbert. Knopf. $5.

SPRINGS OF VIOLENCE. By Edward Lindall. Morrow. $3.75.

STATE OF POSSESSION. By Edith de Born. Knopf. $4.50.

TEARS ARE FOR THE LIVING. By Margaret Banister. Houghton Mifflin. $5.75.

TO BUILD A SHIP. By Don Berry. Viking. $3.95.

History

THE APPEASERS. By Martin Gilbert and Richard Gott. Houghton Mifflin. $6.50.

CHRONICLES OF THE CRUSADES. By Jean de Joinville and Geoffrey de Villehardouin. Translated by M. R. B. Shaw. Penguin. Paperback, $1.25.

THE CONQUEST OF NEW SPAIN. By Bernal Díaz. Translated by J. M. Cohen. Penguin. Paperback, $1.45. (See page 45.)

DECISIVE AIR BATTLES OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR. By Arch Whitehouse. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $6.50.

THE LAST DAY OF THE OLD WORLD. By Adrian Ball. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE MAKING OF MODERN RUSSIA. By Lionel Kochan. Pelican. Paperback, $1.25.

WARRIORS' WEAPONS. By Walter Buehr. Crowell. $4.95.

Literary Criticism

EXPLICATION AS CRITICISM: Selected Papers from the English Institute, 1941-1952. Edited by W. K. Wimsatt, Jr. Columbia Univ. Press. $4.50.

ROMANTICISM RECONSIDERED. By Northrop Frye. Columbia Univ. Press. $3.75.

Miscellany

CONFESSIO AMANTIS. By John Gower. Translated by Terence Tiller. Penguin. Paperback, $1.45.

GREAT DAY IN THE WEST: Forts, Posts, and Rendezvous Beyond the Mississippi. By Kent Ruth. Univ. of Oklahoma Press. $12.50.

HOW TO BUILD A $20,000 HOUSE FOR $59,000. By William Woolway. Stephen Greene. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

THE LANGUAGE OF GRAMMAR. By Robert DeMaria. Macmillan. $3.95.

PUERTO RICO. By Homer Page. Viking. $6.95.

THE VINEGAR WORKS. By Edward Gorey. Simon & Schuster. Three volumes, boxed. $5.95.

THE VOYAGE OF THE NINA II. By Robert F. Marx. World. $4.95.

Mysteries

DEATH AT CRANE'S COURT. By Eilís Dillon. Walker. $3.50.

HOPJOY WAS HERE. By Colin Watson. Walker. $3.50.

A MURDER OF QUALITY. By John le Carré. Walker. $3.50.

ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE. Ian Fleming. New American Library. $4.50.

UNDERTOW. By Desmond Cory. Walker. $3.50.

Personal History

MINORITY REPORT. By Elmer Rice. Simon & Schuster. $6.50.

NAVY MAVERICK: Uriah Phillips Levy. By Donovan Fitzpatrick and Saul Saphire. Doubleday. $4.50.

SWEETLY SINGS THE DONKEY. By Shelagh Delaney. Putnam. $4. (See page 47.)

THE WORLD IS A WEDDING. By Bernard Kops. Coward-McCann. $5. (See page 46)

Poetry

MAX IN VERSE. By Max Beerbohm. Edited by J. G. Riewald. Foreword by S. N. Behrman. Stephen Greene. $6.50.

SELECTED POEMS. By John Malcolm Brinnin. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.75.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY GERMAN VERSE. Edited by Patrick Bridgewater. Bilingual edition. Penguin. Paperback, $1.95.

Political Science

BUREAUCRACY AND POLITICAL DEVELOPMENT. Edited by Joseph LaPalombara. Princeton Univ. Press. $8.50.

COMMUNITY POWER AND POLITICAL THEORY. By Nelson W. Polsby. Yale Univ. Press. $5.

GERMAN ADMINISTRATION SINCE BISMARCK: Central Authority versus Local Autonomy. By Herbert Jacob. Yale Univ. Press. $7.

THE INTEGRATED BAR. By Dayton David McKean. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

Religion, Philosophy

ARISTOTLE'S CONCEPTION OF MORAL WEAKNESS. By James J. Walsh. Columbia Univ. Press. $6.

ENCYCLOPEDIC DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE. Edited by L. P. Hartman. McGraw-Hill. $27.50.

GOD ON THE SECULAR CAMPUS. By Richard Butler, O.P. Doubleday. $3.95.

THE HEBREW SCRIPTURES: An Introduction to Their Literature and Religious Ideas. By Samuel Sandmel. Knopf. $8.95.

OUTLINE OF THE BIBLE. By Benson Y. Landis. Barnes & Noble. Hardbound, $2.95. Paperback, $1.25.

PERSONALITIES IN THE GOSPEL STORY. By Mother M. Simeon, S.H.C.J. Bruce. $3.50.

RELIGION AND BIRTH CONTROL. Edited by John Clover Monsma. Doubleday. $3.95.

SCHOPENHAUER. By Patrick Gardiner. Pelican. Paperback, $1.65.

TWELVE COUNCIL FATHERS. By Walter M. Abbott, S.J. Macmillan. $3.50.

Sociology

MEDICAL CARE AND FAMILY SECURITY: Norway, England, USA. By Karl Evang, M.D., D. Stark Murray, M.D., and Walter J. Lear, M.D. Prentice-Hall. $6.50.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paperbacks

Continued from page 45

Harvest, $2.45), a fascinating and subtle political portrait, and William E. Leuchtenberg's *Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal* (Torchbooks, $2.45), a well-documented account of the travail of the depressed Thirties.

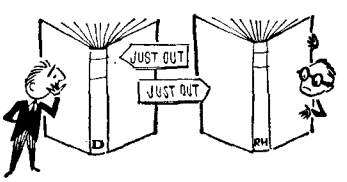
A fairly lively symposium is conducted by Dean Albertson in *Eisenhower as President* (Hill & Wang, $1.65), in which such varied spokesmen as Eric Goldman, Sherman Adams, and Samuel Lubell report the extent to which they like Ike. Walter Johnson, in his book *1600 Pennsylvania Avenue: The President and the People Since 1929* (Little, Brown, $2.45), regards President Eisenhower as "a unifier of the nation, an accommodator rather than a provoker of controversy, a man of decency and dignity, a man who blurred issues, a tranquillizer rather than a stimulant."

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Paperbacks not obtainable from local bookstores may be ordered directly from the publishers, whose addresses follow. Please allow four weeks for delivery and add to price of book 20¢ for packaging and handling.

Anchor, 575 Madison Ave., NYC, 22.
Atheneum, 162 E. 38 St., NYC 16.
Barnes & Noble, 105 5th Ave., NYC 3.
Capricorn, 200 Madison Ave., NYC 16.
Citadel, 222 Park Ave. S., NYC 3.
Collier, 111 4th Ave., NYC 3.
Dell, 750 3rd Ave., NYC 17.
Dolphin, 575 Madison Ave., NYC 22.
Dramabook, 141 5th Ave., NYC 10.
Evergreen, 64 University Pl., NYC 3.
Harper, 49 E. 33 St., NYC 16.
Harvest, 757 3rd Ave., NYC 17.
Hill & Wang, 141 5th Ave., NYC 10.
Little, Brown, 34 Beacon St., Boston 6, Mass.
Meridian, 2231 W. 110 St., Cleveland 2, Ohio.
Penguin, 3300 Clipper Mill Rd., Baltimore 11, Md.
Premier, 67 W. 44 St., NYC 36.
Signet, 501 Madison Ave., NYC 22.
Spectrum, Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N.J.
Torchbooks, 49 E. 33 St., NYC 16.
Universal, 1107 Broadway, NYC 10.
Vintage, 501 Madison Ave., NYC 22.
Washington Square, 630 5th Ave., NYC 20.

Additional sources for paperbacks may be found from time to time in *SR*'s classified advertising section.



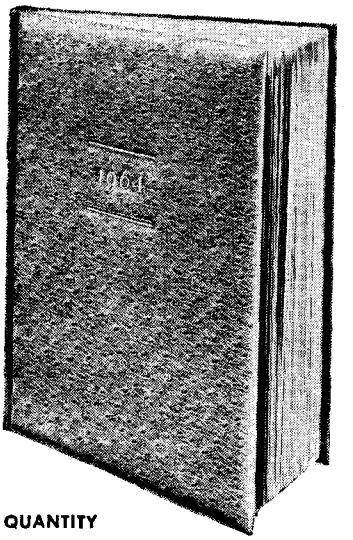
NOW ENTERING ITS FIFTH YEAR

America's Outstanding Executive Aid

THE

Saturday Review

EXECUTIVE DESK DIARY



Not just another book—it is used by more key executives because it serves their exacting needs as a "working partner."

★ Week-in-view ® permits efficient programming of the whole week's activities
★ Ample note space for the week at large and for each individual day—provides for planning ahead
★ Built-in reminders of holidays, tax days and other important business days
★ 14 month calendar on each appointment spread and a **14 month** appointment section: December 1963, all of 1964 and January 1965
★ Plus 63 pages of vital and useful information not matched by any other publication

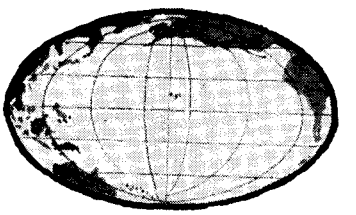
Most elaborate, dignified book of its kind. Handsomely bound in genuine leather at $13.50 and leatherlike covers at $7.50.

QUANTITY REQUIREMENTS

Now is the time to consider this prestige item for year end giving. Simply write on Company letterhead to get price schedule and learn more on how this fine book can benefit your firm.

THE EXECUTIVE DESK DIARY, LTD.
P. O. Box 274 • Scarsdale, New York • 914 GR 2-4167

Your weekly trip around the world of ideas



Saturday Review

The magazine for people whose time is limited, but whose interests are not

Use this coupon to enter or renew your Saturday Review subscription:

☐ *1 Year $8* ☐ *2 Years $14* ☐ *3 Years $18*

Above rates apply to U.S. and its possessions; elsewhere, add $2 per year.

☐ *Payment enclosed* ☐ *New subscription*
☐ *Bill me* ☐ *Renewal*

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

Saturday Review • 25 West 45th Street • New York 36, N. Y.

8-24-63

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 33

the sharp European. But here are five, in alphabetical order: James Baldwin's *Go Tell It on the Mountain* (1953) is a vividly written story of a Negro minister's family in Harlem. Saul Bellow's *The Adventures of Augie March* (1953) is a vigorous imitative-picaresque novel which is, however, not so forceful as his more concentrated shorter book, *The Victim* (1947). Kay Boyle's *The Smoking Mountain*, just reprinted in a hardbound edition after a dozen years, is actually a collection of stories—about Germany—but it is the best fiction about Europe by an American since World War II. Herbert Gold's *The Man Who Was Not with It* (1956) is a story, written in colorful carnival idiom, of a partial redemption. Bernard Malamud's *The Assistant* (1957) is also a story of redemption, with the small-shop background convincingly sketched.

Among the English, Lawrence Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet* (1962) of exotic novels full of exotic emotions. Rayner Heppenstall's *The Greater Infortune* (1960), the truly classic story of the intellectual ruefully misplaced in modern society. Doris Lessing's *The Golden Notebook* (1962), the complicated story of a British woman caught in the web of today's events. Iris Murdoch's *The Bell* (1958), the seriocomic story of relationships in a religious colony. Evelyn Waugh's *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* (1957), the comic and horrible projection of a hallucination. Sorry not to have mentioned some books by Elizabeth Bowen, William Faulkner, and Graham Greene, but their best work dates from before 1953. As a kind of compensation, I'd like to list four recent first novels that seem to show great promise: Robert Gover's *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding*, a wild comedy of semantics; Joseph Heller's *Catch-22*, entrancing grotesqueries about an isolated Air Force unit; Michael Rumaker's *The Butterfly*, an unusually sensitive study of youthful self-discovery; and Norman Thomas's *Ask at the Unicorn*, a poetic quest for a half-lost past. The first three of these are by native Americans, the last by a Welsh-born writer who has become an American. The just-published *Nickel Miseries*, by Ivan Gold, is a book of short stories, but it should be noted that the author writes fiction brilliantly. Indeed, the outlook for fiction in English is certainly better now than it was in 1953.

HARRY T. MOORE.

Boulder, Colo.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Aurora Dawn." 2. "The Matador of the Five Towns." 3. "Quentin Durward." 4. "Butterfield 8." 5. "Joanna Godden." 6. "Place Called Estherville." 7. "My Life with George." 8. "Sard Harker." 9. "A Moon for the Misbegotten." 10. "Janet March." 11. "Slant of the Wild Wind." 12. "An Episode of Sparrows." 13. "Ann Vickers." 14. "Cousin Pons." 15. "The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit."

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, 60¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 52¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 54¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 56¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 58¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

TOPS IN TYPING—LEAHEYS, Seven Park Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48th Street, NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

THESES, college monographs, technical papers, pamphlets and booklets printed in any quantity. We specialize in quality work of this kind at realistic prices. Stonington Publishing Company, Inc., Stonington, Connecticut. (Established 1869).

BOOKS

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN books. The Mail Order Library, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

BOOKS ABOUT ASIA — ORIENTALIA. 11 East 12th Street, New York 3, New York. Free Catalogue S.

THE PAPERBACK SELLER—"If it's bound in paper —we're bound to have it." 148 Front Street, Hempstead, N.Y. We pay postage.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, North Wantagh, New York.

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 5435 Upland Way, Philadelphia 31, Pa.

FREE PAPERBACK CATALOGUE. New York Book Co., Mail Specialists, 4 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's French bookshop, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 70¢.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE — Many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

ART

JAPANESE HANDMADE PAPER. Comprehensive book-style catalogue, 108 samples tipped-in. Includes text and illustrations of paper-making. 3.50. IIS Crafts CPO Box 1539, Tokyo, Japan.

RECORD MART

MUSIC FROM GERMANY on imported records by Telefunken, Polydor and others. Ask for catalogue. Bremen House, 218 East 86th Street, New York 28, REgent 4-2500.

OUT-OF-PRINT

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it. CHICAGO BOOK MA Chicago Heights, Illinois.

LOCATE BOOKS! Aardvarks Booksearchers, Box 668, San Diego 12, California.

FREE SEARCH SERVICE. Any book located. Thousands successfully found. Paul Revere Bookshop, 12A Mason, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts.

GOOD BOOKS, Scholarly, Fine and Scarce, from stock. Kendall Gaisser, 1242 Broadway, Toledo 9, Ohio.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Prices surprisingly low! INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

CAN'T GET IT, WE'LL FIND IT and fast. Special collections built your needs. Beacon Hill Booksellers, 84 Charles Street, Boston 14, Massachusetts.

BAER'S BOOK SEARCH, 2856 Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis, Tennessee, 38127. Book finders.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS FOUND. Extensive contacts — wide experience—quick action. Old Colony Bookfinders, 129 St. Botolph Street, Boston 15, Massachusetts.

TRANSATLANTIC BOOKSEARCHERS. Wants actively sought in England and America. Wantagh, New York.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Michigan.

BIBLIOPHILES: Extensive Research, no obligation Free Search Service. Try me first! John Frier Bookfinder, Box 2570-S, Long Beach 1, Californ

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS. Send wants. Bookshop, 277-S Montford, Asheville, N.C.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, POLISH periodicals, newspapers. European Publishers Representatives, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

KEEP UP with life in Europe. Subscribe to German, Swiss, Austrian magazines. Catalogue on request. German News Company, 200 East 86th Street, New York 28, BUtterfield 8-5500.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS — Stock of 1,200,000 back issues. "BACK NUMBER" Wilkins, Danvers, Mass.

SCHOOLS

IS YOUR CHILD having difficulty entering college? Write for information. Yampa Valley College, Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

TUTORIAL INSTRUCTION and individual guidance in inspiring environment prepares boys for appropriate college. Headmaster, Tamworth Academy, Wonalancet, New Hampshire.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N. Y.

STEINWAY GRAND PIANO, full (9 ft.) concert grand. Reconditioned in NYC in 1957. Must sell immediately, $1,850. Will ship. Box D-955.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE GOURMET

[illegible]ICTABLY ESCULENT! Look's "Atlantic" Maine sea- Norton Delicacies, New Milford, Connecticut.

EXQUISITE DELICACIES from Europe. Ask for free Gourmet catalogue. Bremen House, 218 East 86th Street, New York 28, REgent 4-2500.

HOBBIES

100 DIFFERENT STUPENDOUS WORLDWIDE 10¢. Attractive approvals. Linstamps, St. Catharine's 414, Ontario.

PERSONALS

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77th Street, NYC 21. REgent 4-3902. Established 1887.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS Import. Dolmetsch. Purcell, $5, $7.95 up! Student Special, Corelli, $3.95; Recorder Music, Methods. Guitar Music. Free Catalogue. 8-3-D, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free homestudy course in the Catholic Religion. PAULIST FATHERS INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 18 East 76 St., NYC 21.

CAPES GALORE when you visit Carol Brown's in Putney, Vermont, 05346. Irish tweed coats, skirts; cotton dresses. Circular.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Employers provide transportation and liberal vacations. Comprehensive new booklet, "Guide to Employment Abroad," covers all possibilities in sixty countries, all occupations. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas." Special reports on summer jobs, Government careers [illegible], international organizations, medical work, [illegible], librarian, secretarial positions, English-language newspapers overseas, social work. Send $1.00. Airmail 30¢ extra. Money-back guarantee. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free Catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 22, ELdorado 5-3464-5-6.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

HAVE YOU OUTGROWN ORTHODOXY? American Humanist Association welcomes you! Nonpolitical, nonsupernatural. Local chapters, publications. Three month trial membership $1; year, $5. American Humanist Association, Dept. SR5, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA Bachelor of Liberal Studies Degree for Adults. Combines independent study with four residential seminars. Total of 13 weeks in resident. BLS, 1700 Asp, Norman, Oklahoma.

FOOT COMFORT, newest free catalogue. 50 styles double deerskin moccasins, casuals, other slippers, shoes, boots. Cottage Crafts Shop, Rutland, Vermont.

"POEMS OF PESSIMISM," "The New Materialism," "Poems of People," "Poems of Pain," "Threnody," [illegible]h, $1 complete. Ed Stillman, Box 705, Hal- Florida.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd St., NYC 16.

BEAUTIFUL SCOTTISH MOHAIR blankets, stoles, yarn. Scottish Woolens, Ltd., 6531 Earl, Seattle, Washington.

PERSONALS

POSITIVE CORRELATION: INTELLIGENCE, Academic success. Blake College, Queretaro 171, Mexico City.

EXPERT INSTRUCTION—male licensed teacher—French, Spanish, Portuguese. MUrray Hill 9-0353 NYC.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN, at a fraction of their American retail prices. $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money-back guarantee. Write for illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE. Largest journal of actual positions for teachers, administrators, students, librarians, scientists, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific U.S. and foreign positions open now. Includes summer jobs. Approved since 1952. RUSH $1.00 for current issue. Yearly membership $7.00. Manual, "How to Write a Resume," $1.00 or FREE with yearly. Advancement Institute. 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, N.Y.

INTERESTING, INDIVIDUALIZED WORK. Background in English, Psychology, Education. Some travel. Nice pay. Box D-949.

FOR OVERSEAS MOVING. . . . only ROUTED THRU-PAC guarantees your exact cost (one bill—door-to-door—no extras); containerization in pilfer-proof, steel strapped containers at your doorstep; 256 agents in U.S. and 227 trained agents in 126 foreign countries: full-value insurance coverage; lowest cost consistently for overseas moves. Call Western Union Operator 25 for nearest THRU-PAC agent or write ROUTED THRU-PAC, 350 Broadway, New York 13, N.Y. Tel. WOrth 6-0450 NYC.

FIGUREHEADS, ornamental fittings, handcrafted rare woods, naval bronze. Nautical Sculpture, 100 West 38th, NYC 18.

IN VIEW OF a planned exhibition of WALTER SPIES, owners of paintings are requested to contact W. J. de Gruyter, Municipal Museum of The Hague, Netherlands.

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS? Others want to learn! Now you can teach French at home. Complete kit, all instructional material. Courses tailored for children and adults. For more information, write: Parlez-Vous Playground, 42 Bel-Aire Drive, Stamford, Connecticut.

RECORD WANTED—copy good condition Paul Dukas: Symphony in C (1896) Sebastian, Colonn Orchestra (Urania 7102). Advise quoting price. Frank Morgan, 500 Warburton Avenue, Yonkers, N.Y.

FIRST 24 ISSUES Horizon Magazine, 1958-1961, for sale, complete. Box D-965.

SPANISH MAGAZINE, Caminos, for teachers, students, linguists. Stories, plays, dialogue, Latin-American articles. Subscription, $3.00, groups of 10, $1.50 each. Colegio Americano, Dept. S., Apartado Postal 83, Guatemala, Central America.

WANTED: Housekeeper, imaginative. Physician's country home, Maine. Leisure. Box D-957.

LINCOLN, MASSACHUSETTS, author offers room, board, exchange three hours daily housework. Boston suburb, quiet. Female graduate student? Writer? Box D-966.

EDITOR-GAG WRITER. Wanted for completed novel of merit with excellent movie potentials. Royalty + bonus. Box D-977.

WOMAN, B.A., completing libretto, lyrics of musical, seeks creative position Manhattan, October. Box D-961.

PROGRAMMED INSTRUCTION WRITER, analyst, manager. Knowledge, experience all phases program program production. Intelligent, versatile, responsible. Currently employed. Seeks interesting opportunity. Everything considered from secure position to risky collaboration. Box D-954.

COLLEGE JUNIOR interested in broadening education by travel and employment in Europe. Will consider anything. Linda Nardone, Highland, New York.

GAL, FRENCH-HISTORY graduate student, returning France September. Seeks any errand, opportunity. Box D-963.

WRITER-PHOTOGRAPHER, 32, feature writer with newspaper four years, editor prestige corporation magazine, desires part-time position or free-lance assignments while completing doctorate in Economics at Columbia University. Box D-969.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

DOCUMENTARY FILM PRODUCER, pleasantly located, needs Girl Friday production-editing assistant. Box D-902.

CALIFORNIA JOBS! Tell us field you want; we'll mail listings postpaid. Send $2 to California Employment Directory, 582 Market, San Francisco 4.

WINTERSTEIN SCHOOL area, Sacramento, California; day care, gifted brothers. GLadstone 7-8706.

CREATIVE TEACHING, group work or houseparenting. Private school in New England. Male or female, individual or couple. Desirable one or both can teach high school science or upper grade subjects. No upper age limit. Salary subject to qualifications. Box D-962.

MUSIC CRITIC-EAST COAST. Metropolitan A.M. daily newspaper is seeking man who can do everything in the lively arts, particularly in the field of music criticism, longhair variety. City has one of world's great orchestras and top opera companies. Applicant also should be capable of stage and screen reviewing, editing and makeup. Please submit complete resume including experience and salary requirements to Box D-985.

"NER" reports hundreds of SPECIFIC $7,000-$35,000 Executive job openings. Write for free copy. National Employment Reports, 105 West Adams, 830-2, Chicago 3, Illinois.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

CONNECTICUT—2 hours from NYC—5 bedroom Cape Cod. Lovely country setting close to schools, shopping and yachting. Barn. $29,500. Contact C. F. Boe, Litchfield, Connecticut.

ORFORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE—An 1846 one-room brick school remodeled a few years ago as a residence with the addition of 2 bedrooms, bath, kitchen and garage. Within convenient traveling distance to Dartmouth College and new Hopkins Cultural Center. Asking price $15,000. Phone or write Mrs. Elinore M. Herrick.

RETIRED ARCHITECT'S 1800 Bucks County stone house. Unusual studio, outbuildings. Accessible. 15 acres, surplus leased to farmer. Yunger, Realtor, Plumsteadville, Pennsylvania.

STONINGTON, CONNECTICUT. Sunny, 8 room house in historic seaside village, only 2½ hours NYC. Freshly remodeled. $22,000. Evelyn Cole, Inc., 149 Water Street, 203-535-1018.

MAINE. SEACOAST FARM, 25 acres, long waterfront. 7 room house, modern. Barn. Low taxes. $16,500. **OLD-TIME COLONIAL HOME.** 8 rooms, fireplaces, electricity, water. Hunting and fishing, borders river, with 25 acres. Price $8,500. Herbert P. Whyte, East Sullivan, Maine.

AUSTIN, TEXAS. Professor's modest 3 bedroom home. Quiet location. Fourteen minute drive University. Air-conditioned, central heat. $13,500. Box D-975.

WE'VE DONE the dirty work modernizing charming old house—6 rooms, 1½ baths. 1 acre surrounded by woods on loveliest rural road in Rockland County, 45 minutes NYC. $27,500. 914-NE 4-7595.

For Sale—Furnished

BERKSHIRES. Old farmhouse modernized, winterized. Low upkeep, 11 acres, view. Near Tanglewood, skiing. 2½ hours Manhattan. $20,000. Box D-886.

WATCH HILL, RHODE ISLAND. Completely furnished 12 room summer home. Residential area, near beach. Price, low thirties. Box D-956.

For Rent—Furnished

NEW HAMPSHIRE LAKEFRONT COTTAGE. Secluded, magnificent mountain view, foliage. September-October weekly, monthly. Accommodates six. N. Kessin, Downing Street, Laconia.

(Continued on page 54)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 53)

APARTMENT WANTED

APARTMENT WANTED: Unusual 2 bedroom, dining room apartment wanted for long rental East Side NYC after October 1st. Box D-848.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

WATERFRONT "SECOND-HOME" SITES. Thoreau-like country. Utilities. Charming model. Brochure. Sheepscot Shore Colony, Palermo, Maine.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN. Superb lots near site of new marina. G. M. Marrow, Box 797, Brattleboro, Vermont.

CAMPS

VENI, VIDI: My boy (girl) will be in an "ideal" camp. Now is the time to write, visit. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 2, New Jersey.

VACATIONS

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, seven miles from Middlebury College. Write for brochure. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Excellent food, beautiful country. Rooms and cottages.

WEST DOVER INN. Quiet, picturesque village. West Dover, Vermont. Brochure.

RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

HOUSEBOATS: Get away from it all and write a book or just fish, sun and swim from a de-luxe Kayot houseboat in Florida's Kissimmee Valley lakes. Write for information. Pontoon Marina, Star Route, Box 25, St. Cloud, Florida.

WINDHAM HILL FARM, West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—good food—walking—loafing. Superb collection old books, magazines, newspapers.

MONADNOCK REGION. Autumn is lovely here. Relax amidst towering pines. Private lodges, delicious food, lawn sports. Golf nearby. Open to mid-October. Write Palmer Lodge, Keene 4, N.H.

CONCERN. Will you have a wonderful time here? We couldn't care more! Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, on the Boardwalk. Atlantic City, N.J. If within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

FOR A UNIQUE EXPERIENCE . . . Come to the Alamac Hotel, Woodridge, New York . . . international cuisine and concept . . . a mecca for artists, musicians, teachers, etc. . . . complete facilities . . . children's day camp. . . singles invited . . . two hours from the city . . . Route 17, Exit 109. Phone Woodridge 33 collect.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

VERMONT, LONDONDERRY, Route 11. Heart of Green Mountain National Forest. Flood Brook House—cool, 1,600 ft.—near theatres, concerts, antiquing, golf, hiking, fishing, swimming. $12 daily, $70 weekly. Capacity 24. Families welcome. Phone 802-824-5918.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small, secluded, informal. American Plan. No cottages. Folder.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160, Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232.

DISCOVER A MOUNTAIN RETREAT you'll want to come back to. Summit Lodge, Killington, Vermont.

VACATIONS

PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. High, cool, rustic comfort. Open fires, forest trails, marvelous views. Since 1920. R-2, Box 375ASR, Canton, N.C.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Duncan Hunter, Owner, Islamorada. Phone 664-2811.

OLD WORLD CHARM. Beds turned down each night. Beautiful Eighteenth Century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dorset 3, Vermont.

MOUNTAIN BEACH VACATION, Hendersonville, North Carolina. Elevation 2300'. Laurel Park Lake Inn and Cottages. Sand beach, boating, riding, golf. American Plan, fabulous food. Literate, congenial, informal. Lower September rates. Folder.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Autumn Scarlet! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. 8 miles Breadloaf. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

FARMS AND HOTELS for adults and families, near New York. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. 2150' high in the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Spectacular fall foliage. Open to October 20th. Excellent food, accommodations. Brochure.

TUCSON, ARIZONA. WILMOT INN provides cool apartments and patio rooms at special summer and early fall rates. Summer theatre, swimming pool, exceptional food—European Plan. Address 330 South Wilmot.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE—Secluded, 2,100 feet elevation, panoramic view, superb Continental cuisine. Informal, friendly. Brochure. Manchester, Vermont.

LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, excellent meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy vacationing at this delightful country inn. All sports on our 250 acre estate. Informal social events. $12-$18 a day includes meals. Open all year. Recommended by AAA. For color folder, reservations write Edwin Finch, Manager, The Northfield, East Northfield 46, Massachussetts.

SNOW MOUNTAIN INN, West Dover, Vermont, 05356. Music Festivals, Art Centers, Summer Playhouses, Workshops, superb dining, luxury accommodations, pool, tennis. 802-464-3336.

SUMMER LINGERS LONGER on romantic Nantucket Island, a vacation paradise 30 miles at sea. September gives you swimming in 70 degree water, fishing, your favorite sports . . . peaceful old-world charm, interesting historic areas, low pollen count. Modern inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants, Free illustrated booklet. Nantucket Information Service, Nantucket 17, Massachusetts.

SITTERS AND SUNNERS, hikers, readers and writers: luxuriate in the tranquillity of our breezy, hilltop terrace, our shaded lanes, the simple beauty and serenity of Southern Vermont's finest country inn. Marlboro Music, lakes, tennis, golf nearby. Spacious rooms and lounges, imaginative cuisine. From $55 weekly, American. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, A.P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

VACATIONS

HUNT OR RETREAT. 5 acres Maine lakeside camp, fully equipped, 1, 2 families. $150 Box D-981.

CAPE COD IS BEST in September and October. New low off-season rates start September 7th. Casual vacation trailer (private inside toilet) sleeps four to six. Directly on waterfront, center of Cape. Cost? Only $29 weekly with utilities. Box 458 SR, Brewster, Massachusetts.

TRAVEL

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, just east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers quiet and privacy in the midst of town. Spacious air-conditioned accommodations with private bath, television and pantry. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan and monthly rates available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

VAGABOND VOYAGES UNDER SAIL—Longing for Tahiti? There's a South Seas Paradise within reach of your vacation schedule—and checkbook! Beachcomb tropic islands of Bahamas with me aboard magnificent 150-foot schooner, "TROPIC ROVER." Informal 10-day cruises, from $175. Capt. Sid Hartshorne, Dept. 10F, 2010 S.W. 16th Court, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL, 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Single studio rooms, private bath, $26 per week. Swimming pool, sun decks, steam room, restaurant, coffee shop. Air-conditioning and TV available. Convenient to Coliseum, Times Square, Radio City. Bus, subway at corner. COlumbus 5-6100.

ALAN WATTS Japan Tour 6 weeks Autumn 1963. Write Society for Comparative Philosophy, Room 601, 323 Geary Street, San Francisco, California.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel [illegible] East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. [illegible]ettes available. Moderate rates. Call ORegon

YOU TOO, can sail around the world! Visit four continents (including Australia and New Zealand!). Travel aboard spacious Dutch passenger liners "Oranje" of Nederland Line, or "William Ruys" of Royal Rotterdam Lloyd. Enjoy Continental cuisine and attentive service. 76 day voyages for as little as $13 a day. 8 sailings annually from Port Everglades, Florida. Some calls at New York. See your travel agent or write Dutch World Services, Holland America Line, Pier 40, New York 14, N.Y.

PLANNING A VISIT to New York . . . on a budget? Then Beekman Tower Hotel is for you—because it offers everything you'll want and more! In the heart of midtown Manhattan's East Side—bright and cheerful guest rooms and suites overlooking the East River and near everything of interest. Two excellent but moderate priced restaurants plus famous Top O' The Tower Cocktail Lounge with its spectacular views of the city's fascinating skyline. Best of all are the attractive rates—especially for groups and families. Inclusive 2 or 3 day weekend package combinations. And if you are driving to New York write for helpful city driving map. Color folder on request. Dept. SR-5, Beekman Tower Hotel, 49th Street, at First Avenue, New York 17. Tel. 212-EI 5-7300.

CIRCLE SOUTH AFRICA—See it yourself on a tour including ultramodern cities, Kruger Park's wild game, Kimberley's diamond mines, lovely coastal and mountain scenery. Comfortable travel everywhere—at less cost per day the longer you stay! Colorful literature from SATOUR, Dept. P, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, or 9465 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath: free swimming pool: family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

THE TRAPPINGS ARE NEW but the rates are traditional at the Tudor Hotel in New York City. Comfortable accommodations, all with private bath. Singles from $6, doubles from $10. Convenient to all transportation, restaurants, churches, shops, art, theatres, etc. Located in fashionable Tudor City, adjacent to United Nations. Write Mr. Earl R. Powers, Manager, Tudor Hotel, 304 East 42nd Street or phone 212-YU 6-8800.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANNOUNCING *SR's* ELEVENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Competition

TWO GRAND PRIZES

for color winner: **A TRIP TO TOKYO**

for black-and-white winner: **A TRIP TO LONDON**

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 4, 1964, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 4th issue.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director of Photography in the Fine Arts.

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now, either color or black-and-white.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1963.

SR's 1962 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Ralph C. McGoun, professor of dramatic arts at Amherst College, 1962 winner of the grand prize for color. Professor McGoun won a round-trip to Tokyo for his picture of "Devastation Trail" at the Hawaii National Park.

James Gianelos, an engineer from Cleveland, Ohio, 1962 winner of the grand prize for black and white. Mr. Gianelos' landscape taken at Einseideln, Switzerland, won him a round-trip to London.

PHOTO AWARDS

➔

Saturday Review

25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1962, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. **Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 10 unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. No prints will be returned.

4. **Color photographs**

a. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard.

b. Color prints must be 8 x 8 or 8 x 10, unmounted.

c. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

d. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

e. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures and/or two color pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photographic Awards Department. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1963, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN FOUR PICTURES, TWO IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to **January 4, 1964.** Winning pictures become the property of Saturday Review.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1533

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Well-known estuary whose Roman name was Bodotria (3 wds.).

B. Permitted to enter; accepted.

C. Confidants.

D. Followed by "of the ship," hawseholes.

E. Suggestive of the past.

F. A secure hold sufficient to resist a heavy pull.

G. Never to the poet.

H. Fabric, usually thin, animate or inanimate.

I. Confusion; narghile (Comp.).

J. In reversed order (3 wds.).

K. Official name for Yenan, Chinese Communist capital before Peking.

L. Tending to cultivate mentally, etc.

M. Second largest city of Canadian province, New Brunswick.

N. Subject of one of the greatest odes in English literature.

O. What Kipling said "melt away" after the captains and the kings have departed.

WORDS

16 177 66 129 202 33 158 197 105 36 77 22

32 131 201 189 120 14 161 145

135 73 55 86 24 67 89 108 121

15 175 113 25

84 62 117 23 53

1 141 204 150 183 160 173 103 91

51 164 98 104

101 203 181 44 138 159

56 83 59 107 4 144 209 93 41 132 27 72

211 180 20 35 196 58 29 174 100

31 208 40 115 171 61

18 39 125 194 116 74 153 112 60

34 54 142 136 118 49 172

42 94 139 191 206 114 151 109 71 82 5

87 43 63 182 52 69

DEFINITIONS

P. Where Woodrow Wilson could "remain unapproachable", acc'g to Lord Keynes (4 wds.).

Q. French Revolutionary Calendar month beginning on December 21.

R. Familiar name for Rapa Nui, Pacific island belonging to Chile; subject of recent charming book *Aku-Aku* (2 wds.).

S. Regular ways of doing anything.

T. Chinese general, early supporter of Chiang Kai-shek, then of the opposition in Kuomintang (1882-1960; 2 wds. and comp.).

U. Kind of pull-on sweater used by athletes before and after exercising (2 wds.).

V. Score.

W. Take a stand and refuse to give way.

X. Mountain range, NW Iran, along the Araks river (2 wds.).

Y. Surname of architects, father and son (1802-1878; Trinity Church, N.Y., and many others; 1828-1903).

Z. Leaning or dependent; in English grammar, said of a word pronounced as part of the word preceding (as, *cannot*).

WORDS

122 147 155 90 179 9 92 126 187 111 119 65 192 8 99

184 50 28 102 123 143

26 146 186 127 195 157 166 78 68 95 46 176

178 128 152 10 207 148 30

85 57 2 168 76 110 134 188 140 154

190 165 156 45 21 6 137 75 17 149

7 106 37 162 167 200

169 96 81 64 199 205

124 133 193 13 47 3 88 130

38 198 48 11 12 80

19 97 163 210 185 170 79 70

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	1 F	2 T	3 X	4 I	5 N	6 U	7 V	8 P	■	9 P	10 S	11 Y	■	12 Y	13 X	14 B
15 D	■	16 A	17 U	18 L	19 Z	20 J	■	21 U	22 A	23 E	24 C	25 D	26 R	27 I	28 Q	29 J
30 S	■	31 K	32 B	33 A	34 M	■	35 J	36 A	37 V	38 Y	39 L	40 K	■	41 I	42 N	43 O
44 H	■	45 U	46 R	47 X	■	48 Y	49 M	50 Q	51 G	52 O	53 E	■	54 M	55 C	56 I	57 T
58 J	■	59 I	60 L	61 K	62 E	63 O	64 W	65 P	66 A	67 C	68 R	■	69 O	70 Z	71 N	72 I
73 C	74 L	75 U	76 T	77 A	78 R	■	79 Z	80 Y	■	81 W	82 N	83 I	84 E	85 T	86 C	87 O
88 X	■	89 C	90 P	91 F	■	92 P	93 I	94 N	95 R	96 W	■	97 Z	98 G	99 P	100 J	■
101 H	102 Q	■	103 F	104 G	105 A	106 V	■	107 I	108 C	109 N	110 T	111 P	112 L	113 D	■	114 N
115 K	116 L	117 E	■	118 M	119 P	120 B	121 C	■	122 P	123 Q	■	124 X	125 L	126 P	127 R	128 S
■	129 A	130 X	131 B	■	132 I	133 X	134 T	135 C	136 M	■	137 U	138 H	139 N	140 T	141 F	■
142 M	143 Q	144 I	145 B	■	146 R	147 P	148 S	■	149 U	150 F	151 N	152 S	■	153 L	154 T	155 P
156 U	157 R	158 A	159 H	160 F	161 B	162 V	163 Z	164 G	■	165 U	166 R	167 V	168 T	■	169 W	170 Z
■	171 K	172 M	■	173 F	174 J	175 D	■	176 R	177 A	178 S	179 P	180 J	181 H	182 O	183 F	184 Q
■	185 Z	186 R	■	187 P	188 T	189 B	■	190 U	191 N	192 P	193 X	194 L	195 R	■	196 J	197
■	198 Y	199 W	200 V	201 B	202 A	203 H	204 F	■	205 W	206 N	207 S	208 K	209 I	210 Z	211 J	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Key thoughts to understanding the industrial problems we live with

The Need To Modernize

For generations Americans have taken for granted the fact that this country is young and that its industrial plants have justifiably enjoyed the envy of the world. However, since World War II, there has been increasing reference in the news to America's need to modernize.

Has our nation become old?

Estimates have been made that $90 billion worth of equipment and plant facility in this country is obsolete. And the rate of obsolescence adds 6 billion dollars additional obsolete facilities every year.

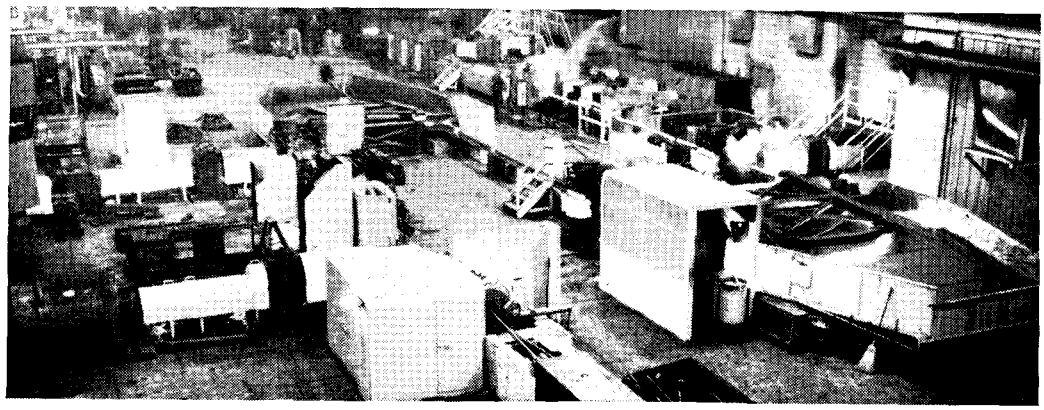
The serious aspect of this changed condition is not simply that America is aging but that other countries have been accelerating their rate of industrial modernization, especially since World War II.

In order to compete, obviously America must also accelerate its rate of modernization.

Since World War II, the steel industry has spent over $15 billion for expansion and modernization. In 1962 it spent nearly an additional $1½ billion, mostly for modernization.

Republic Steel has poured millions of dollars into new plants and equipment in the last decade. Continuous modernization is necessary to compete against the modernization of more than 80 other steel producing companies in this country, as well as against foreign producers. Modernization is also necessary in order to keep steel the lowest priced and most versatile of all commercial materials, because it has to compete against other materials, too.

This is why Republic Steel spent millions of dollars for modernization in 1962, and intends to spend even more millions in 1963. By whatever means capital for modernization is attained, adequate profit is the basic essential upon which any form of financing is predicated. Modernization, therefore, for Republic or any other company, is directly dependent upon corporate profits.



REBUILDING OF THE 10-INCH BAR MILL at Republic's Cleveland steel plant is one of the large projects in Republic's continuous modernization program. This 14-stand mill is producing a wide range of high quality bar products as fast and efficiently as any mill of its kind in the country. Republic's Steel Bars are used in myriad products—automobiles, farm tractors, implements, machine tools, machinery, metal fasteners, reinforced concrete construction.

REPUBLIC STEEL

Cleveland 1, Ohio

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUTSTANDING BOOKS

recommended by the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

CATCH UP and KEEP UP on your reading in an EXPERIMENTAL SUBSCRIPTION . . . the trial offer described below will demonstrate how Club membership can insure you against continually missing the books you may be anxious to read

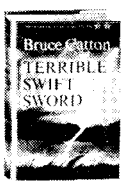
IN A SHORT TRIAL MEMBERSHIP YOU MAY HAVE

ANY THREE for only $1

IF YOU AGREE TO BUY THREE ADDITIONAL BOOKS FROM THE CLUB DURING THE NEXT YEAR

584. CARAVANS *by* JAMES A. MICHENER. (Publisher's retail price $5.95)

553. TRAVELS WITH CHARLEY *by* JOHN STEINBECK. (Publisher's retail price $4.95)

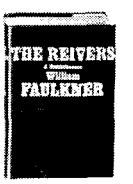


586. TERRIBLE SWIFT SWORD *by* BRUCE CATTON Maps. (Publisher's retail price $7.50)

585. THE GREAT HUNGER *by* CECIL WOODHAM-SMITH Illustrated. (Publ. retail price $6.95)

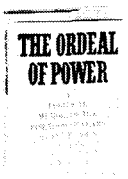
567. THE SAND PEBBLES *by* RICHARD MC KENNA (Publisher's retail price $5.95)

431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER. (Publisher's retail price $10)



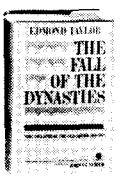
547. THE REIVERS *by* WILLIAM FAULKNER. (Publisher's retail price $4.95)

523. THE GUNS OF AUGUST *by* BARBARA W. TUCHMAN Illustrated. (Publ. retail price $6.95)



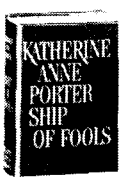
582. THE ORDEAL OF POWER *by* EMMET JOHN HUGHES (Publisher's retail price $5.95)

563. FAIL-SAFE *by* EUGENE BURDICK *and* HARVEY WHEELER. (Publisher's retail price $4.95)

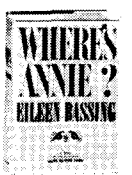


572. THE FALL OF THE DYNASTIES *by* EDMOND TAYLOR Maps. (Publisher's retail price $6.50)

575. THE TIN DRUM *by* GUENTER GRASS (Publisher's retail price $6.95)



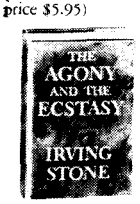
539. SHIP OF FOOLS *by* KATHERINE ANNE PORTER. (Publisher's retail price $6.50)



573. WHERE'S ANNIE? *by* HILLERY BASSING. (Publisher's retail price $5.95)

521. MY LIFE IN COURT *by* LOUIS NIZER. (Publisher's retail price $5.95)

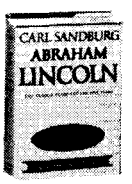
540. THE ROTHSCHILDS *by* FREDERIC MORTON. Illustrated. (Publisher's retail price $5.95)



455. THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY *by* IRVING STONE (Publisher's retail price $5.95)

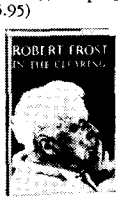
486. THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT *by* JOHN STEINBECK. (Publisher's retail price $4.50)

424. MAINSTREAMS OF MODERN ART *by* JOHN CANADAY Illustrated. (Publ. retail price $13.50)



448. ABRAHAM LINCOLN: The Prairie Years AND **The War Years** *by* CARL SANDBURG Illustrated. (Publ. retail price $7.50)

571. THE THIN RED LINE *by* JAMES JONES (Publisher's retail price $5.95)



570. IN THE CLEARING *by* ROBERT FROST. (Publisher's retail price $4)

487. THE SHORT STORIES OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY (Publisher's retail price $6)

552. SILENT SPRING *by* RACHEL CARSON Illustrated. (Publ. retail price $5)

THE MOST ECONOMICAL LIBRARY-BUILDING SYSTEM EVER DEVISED: BOOK-DIVIDENDS

THE EXPERIMENTAL subscription suggested here will not only prove, *by your own actual experience*, how effectually membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club can keep you from missing, through oversight or overbusyness, books you fully intend to read; it will also demonstrate another equally important advantage enjoyed by members: Book-Dividends. Through this unique profit-sharing system Book-of-the-Month Club members can regularly receive valuable library volumes—at a small fraction of their price—simply by buying books they would buy anyway.

During this experimental subscription and thereafter, if you continue, you will receive, *with every Club choice you buy*, a Book-Dividend Certificate. Each certificate together with a nominal sum, usually $1.00, can be redeemed for a valuable Book-Dividend which you may choose from a catalog of over a hundred fine library volumes whose publishers' retail prices now average $7. Since the inauguration of the Book-Dividend system, more than $280,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been earned and received by Club members through this unique plan.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A166-8-3
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the three volumes whose numbers I have indicated in boxes below, billing me $1.00 for all three volumes. I agree to purchase at least three additional monthly Selections—or alternates—during the first year I am a member. Members' prices for these books are never more than the publishers' prices but average 20% less. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying these three books. During the trial and thereafter, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend Certificate with every Selection—or alternate—I buy. Each certificate together with a nominal sum—usually $1.00—can be redeemed for a Book-Dividend which I may choose from a wide variety always available. **PLEASE NOTE:** Occasionally the Club will offer two or more books together at *a special combined price*. (Such purchases are counted as a single book in fulfilling the membership obligation.) A small charge is added to all book shipments to cover postage and mailing expense.

INDICATE BY NUMBER IN BOXES BELOW THE THREE BOOKS YOU WANT

☐ ☐ ☐

MR. MRS. MISS } .....
(Please print plainly)

Address.....

City.....*Zone*.....*State*.....

26

The trademarks BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB *and* BOOK-DIVIDEND *are registered by Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., in the U.S. Patent Office and in Canada.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED